

new Copy

WIT and MIRTH: OR *3 F***a*

P I L L S

TO PURGE
Melancholy;

BEING

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their proper
TUNE for either Voice, or Instrument:
Most of the SONGS being new Set.

In Five VOLUMES.

The Fourth EDITION.

To which is added all Mr. D'Ur... SONGS,
above One Hundred of which were never
before Printed: Together with his several
Orations spoken by himself on the Stage.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, over-against
Catherine Street in the Strand, 1719.

SHAW-ban TREV

HO

H E P

TUTORIUM



MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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OR
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V O L . I.



L O N D O N:

Printed by W. Pearson, for J. Tonson, at
SHAKESPEAR'S Head, over-against
Catherine Street in the Strand, 1719.

W. Musgrave.



To the Right Honourable the
Lords and Ladies, and
also to the Honour'd Gen-
try of both kinds, that have
been so Generous to be Sub-
scribers to these Volumes of
SONGS; which end with
some Orations, Copy's of
Verses, Prologues and
Epilogues.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentry,

Once thought to have been particu-
lar in my *Dedication*, and have af-
sign'd it to one or two of the No-
lity or Gentry; but considering that

Dedication.

• it would lessen the Value I have for the rest of my Noble *Subscribers*, I have desisted in that particular ; and hope this General Address will more exert my Duty, and increase your Favour.

I am oblig'd first then to acknowledge my Obligations for your ready and willing Compliance : And also secondly to declare, that to oblige ye, and compleat your Diversion, I have added above a Hundred new Pieces to the *Publick Stock*, and hope, as the rest have generally had Applause above others of this kind, they will happily be receiv'd by you when read or perform'd in your merry and vacant Hours.

I have (with a great deal of Trouble and Pains) made some part of this Collection, and render'd ye many of the Old Pieces which were thought well of in former Days, and consider'd for their Pleasure and Hardness of their Composition;

Dedication.

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ion ; being written, and difficultly made out, and proper to wonderful and uncommon Tunes, which the best Masters Musick were then famous for : And I just presume to say, scarce any other Man could have perform'd the like, my double Genius for *Poetry* and *Musick* giving me all that Ability which others perhaps might want ; nor was the Encouragement inconsiderable ; for as well as obliging the Nobility, Gentry, and Commonalty, I had the Satisfaction of diverging Royalty likewise with my Lyrical performances : And when I have perform'd some of my own Things before their Majesties King *CHARLES* the Second, King *JAMES*, King *WILLIAM*, Queen *MARY*, Queen *ANNE*, and Prince *GEORGE*, I never went off without happy and commendable approbation. The Remembrance of my success at that time, makes me hope the

Dedication.

present Affair, *My Noble Lords, Ladies and Gentry*, will add to your Pleasure, and divert your Hours, when your Thoughts are unbended from the Times, Troubles, and Fatigues; to be assur'd of which, will be a perpetual Satisfaction to

Your most Humble,

Oblig'd, and

Devoted Servant,

T. D'URFEY



A

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A N
phabetical T A B L E
O F T H E
SONGS and POEMS
Contain'd in this
B O O K.

A

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Blowzabella my bouncing Doxy,
Bright was the Morning, cool was,
Beat the Drum, beat, beat the,*

111
194
261
269

C

*Church Scruples and Fars plunge all,
Come all, great, small, short, tall,
Celemene, pray tell me,
Celadon, when Spring came on,
Come Jug, my Hony, let's to bed,
Chloe found Amyntas lying,*

87
91
109
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D

*Draw, draw the Curtain, fye,
Damon turn your Eyes to me,
Dear Pinckaninny, if half a Guinen,
De'l take the War that hurry'd,*

308
256
283
295

F

*From rosie Bowers where sleeps the God,
Fame and Isis joyn'd in one,
From glorious Toyls of War,
From azure Plains, blest with eternal,
Flow the flow'ry Rain,
Farewel the Towns ungrateful Noise,
Fame loudly thro' Europe passes,
For too many past Years with,
Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
From Dunkirk one Night they stole,
Fly, fly from my Sight, fly far away,
Fate had design'd this worst of all,
Farewell my bonny, bonny witty,*

1
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50
113
122
126
146
175
182
225
236
243
252

G

*Giovani amanti voi chi Sapete,
Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse,
Grand Lewis let Pride be abated,
Great Cæsar is crown'd,
Groves and Woods, high Rocks and,
Genius of England, from thy,
Grand Louis falls headlong down,
Great Joye once made Love like,*

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Hark

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®

An Alphabetical TABLE.

O

ONE Sunday at St. James's Prayers,
One long Whitson Holiday,
Old Lewis must thy frantick Riot,
One April Morn, when from the Sea,
Oh Love, if a God thou wilt be,
Of old, when Heroes thought it base,
Opening Budds began to shew,
Of all noble Sports,
One Morn as lately musing,
Oh Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been,
Of all the simple things we do,
Of all the World's Enjoyments,
On the Brow of Richmond Hill,

P

PRAY now John let Jug prevail,
Pastorella inspire the Morning,

Q

QUE chacun remplisse son verre,

R

Ride all England o'er,
Raptures attending Dwellers divine,
Remember ye Whigs what was formerly,
Rise bonny Kate,
Royal and fair,

S

Sing mighty Marlborough's Story,
Since Times are so bad, I must tell,
Sleep, sleep, poor Youth,
Sing, sing all ye Muses,
Spring invites, the Troops are going,
Sound Fame thy golden Trumpet, sound,
Since long o'er the Town,
Since now the World's turn'd upside down,
Snug of late the Barons sate,
Says Roger to Will, both our Teams,
Sylvander royal by his Birth,
Sawney was tall, and of noble Race,

1	
31	e
60	e
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101	w
114	be
121	va
150	pe
151	in
161	be
250	he
269	tw
301	lo
141	
191	V
180	W
122	W
241	W
242	W
312	W
313	W
315	W
40	W
88	W
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YE

The

An Alphabetical TABLE.

Y

Y *E Beaus of Pleasure,*
Ye Jacks of the Town,
Ye Peers that in State,
Ye Britons aw that,
You love, and yet when I ask you,
You Nymphs and Sylvian Gods,
Young Philander wo'd me long,
Young Collin, cleaving of a Beam,

96
21
26
29

P O E M S.

A *Mongst all Characters divine,*
As in Intrigues of Love we find it,
As when some mighty Monarch,
As when repentant Israel once distrest,
As when Hiperion with victorious
Brave is that Poet that dares draw,
Come Spouse, to talk in Mode now,
If this strange Vice in all good,
In this wise Town two Games precedence,
In hopes the coming Scenes your,
In sweet Retirement freed from,
'Mongst our Forefathers, that pure,
When the New World all Laws,

355
356
349
349
351
351
353
342
337
348
358
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339

SONGS



29 Bills to Purge Melancholy.

The First VOLUME.

A Mad SONG.

35 *By a Lady distract with LOVE. Sung in one of
my Comedies of DON QUIXOTE: The Notes
36 to it done by the late famous MR. HENRY
37 PURCELL; which, by reason of their great
38 Length, are not Printed in this Book, but may
39 be found at the Musick Booksellers singly, or
in his ORPHEUS BRITANNICUS; performing in
the Tune all the Degrees of Madness.*

[Sullenly Mad.]

[Love,

ROM rosie Bowers, where sleepst the God of
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly,
F fly, fly,
Hither, ye little waiting Cupids, fly.

GS Teach me in soft melodious Strains to move
tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy.
h, let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,
o win dear Strebbon, who my Soul enjoys.

B

Mirth-

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

[Mirthfully Mad. A swift Movement.]

Or if more influencing,
Is to be Brisk and Airy ;
With a Step and a Bound,
And a Frisk from the Ground,
I'll trip like any Fairy.
As once an *Ida* dancing
Were three Cœlestial Bodies,
With an Air, and a Face,
And a Shape, and a Grace,
I'll charm, like Beauties Goddess,
With an Air, &c.

[Melancholly Madness.]

Ah, 'tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain ;
Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain :
Cold, cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my Breast, bleak Winds in Tempests blow
My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow ;
My Pulse beats a dead March, for lost Repose,
And to a solid lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froz

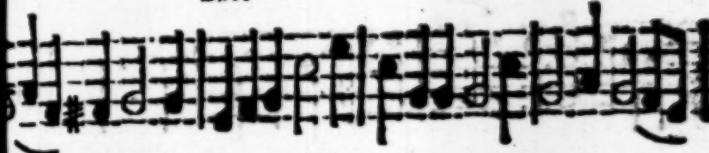
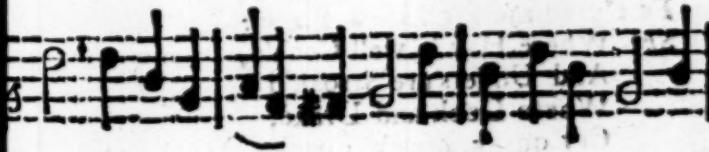
[Fantastically Mad.]

Or, say ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw my self, and drown
Amongst the foaming Billows ;
Increasing, all with Tears I shed
On Beds of Ooze, and Chrystal Pillows.
Lay down, lay down my lovesick Head.
Say, say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
Shall I, shall I thaw my self, and drown ?

[Stark Mad.]

No, no, no, no, I'll straight run mad,
Mad, mad, mad, mad, that soon my Heart w
Whene'er the Sense is fled, is fled, [wan
Love has no Power, no Power to charm.
Wild, thro' the Woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
Robes, Locks — shall thus — be tore ;
A thousand, thousand Deaths I'll dye,
E'er thus, thus, in vain — e'er thus in vain ador

Country Dialogue. Set by Mr. DANIEL PURCELL.

Hr.*Sbe.**Hr.**Sbe.**Hr.**Sbe.*

B 2



He Where Oxen do Low,
And Apples do grow,
Where Corn is sown,
And Grass is mown;

Fa e give me for Life a Place :

She Where Hay is well Cock'd,
And Udders are Stroak'd ;
Where Duck and Drake,
Cry quack, quack, quack ;
Where Turkeys lay eggs,

And Sows suckle Pigs,
Oh ! there I would pass my Days.

He On nought we will feed,

She But what we do breed ;
And wear on our backs,

He The wool of our flocks ;

P I L L S to Purge Melancholy.

5

She And tho' Linnen feel
Rough, Spun from the wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' course it comes.
He Town follies and Cullies,
And Molleys and Dolleys,
For ever adieu, and for ever;
She And Beaus that in Boxes
Lye smuggling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

He Good b'uye to the Mall,
The Park and Canal;
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there:
The Gaming house too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all degrees:
She Adieu to the Knight,
Was bubbled last Night,
That keeps a Blowz,
And beats his spouse;
And now in great haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees:
He And well fare the Lad,
She Improves e'ry Clad,
He That ne'er set his hand,
To Bill or to Bond,
She Nor barters his Flocks,
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouse him of half his Days:
He But Fishing and Fowling,
And Hunting and Bowling,
His Pastime is ever, and ever;
She Whose Lips when you buss 'em,
Smell like the Bean-blossom,
Oh, he 'tis shall have my praise!

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

- He* To Tavern where goes,
Sow'r Apples and Sloes,
A long adieu!
And farewell too,
The House of the Great,
Whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.
- She* Good b'uye to the Change,
Where Rantepoles range;
Farewel cold Tes,
And Rattafee,
Hide-Park too, where Pride
In Coaches do ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.
- He* Farewel the Law-Gown,
She The plague of the Town,
He And Foes of the Crown,
That should be run down;
She With City-Jack-daws;
That make Staple-Laws,
To Measure by Yards and Ellis.
- He* Stock-Jobbers and Swobbers,
And Packers and Tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever;

CHORUS.

*We know what you're doing,
And home we're both going,
And so you may ring the Bells.*

The Moderate M A N.

a pretty Tune. By the famous Signior Corelli.





A Tory, a Whig, and a Moderate Man,
o'er a Tub of strong Ale
met, in Ailesbury Vale,
Where there liv'd a plump Lass they call'd buxom Nan:

The

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

9

The Tory a *Londoner* proud and high,
The Whig was a Tradesman plaguy fly;
The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry,
And thus they their Suit began:
Pretty *Nancy* we're come to put in our Claim,
Resolv'd upon Wedlocks pleasing Game;
Here's *Jacob* the Bigg,
And *William* the Whig,
And *Roger* the Grigg,
All Lads, as e'er were buckled in Girdle fast;
Say which you will chuse,
To tye with a Noose,
For a Wife we must carry what e're comes on't,
Then think upon't,
You'll never be sorry when y'have don't,
Nor like us the worse for our Wooing so blunt,
Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lass who was not of the motion shy,
The ripe Years of her Life
Being Twenty and Five:
To the Words of her Lover straight made reply,
I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,
And I know too you like my Copy-hold;
And since Fortune favours the brisk and the bold,
One of ye I mean to try.
But I am not for you nor S——'s Cause,
Nor you with your H——y's Hums and Hawes;
No *Jacob* the Bigg,
Nor *William* the Whigg,
But *Roger* the Grigg,
With his Mirth and mildness happily please me can;
'Tis him I will choose,
For th'Conjugal Noose;
So that you the Church Bully may rave and rant,
And you may Cant,
'Till both are Impeacht in Parliament;
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want,
So I'm for the Moderate Man.

B-5

The

The Saint at St. James's Chappel.

A NEW SONG.



ONE Sunday at St. James's Prayers,
 The Prince and Princess by,
 I dress'd with all my Whalebone Airs,
 Sate in the Closet nigh.
 I bent my Knees, I held my Book,
 I read the Answers o'er,
 But was perverted by a Look,
 That pierc'd me from the Door.

High thoughts of Heaven I came to use,
 And blest Devotion there,
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me loose,
 And other Raptures share.
 He watch'd to lead me to my Chair,
 And bow'd with courtly grace,
 But whisper'd Love into my Ear,
 Too warm for that grave place.

Love, Love, cry'd he, by all Ador'd,
 My fervent Heart has won;
 But I grown peevish at that Word,
 Desir'd he would be gone:
 He went, whilst I, that lookt his way,
 A kinder Answer meant,
 And did for all my Sins that day,
 Not half so much repent.

A New SONG. Translated from the Italian.





Cant. Italian.

GIOVANI amanti voi chi Sapete,
L'Arte secreti d'un crudo Amor;
In Cortesia scoltato un puoro,
L'Ardente fuoco chi marde il Cor.

Egia tre mesi ch'una fite~~ta~~,
Le giadra Bella ch'ogni lò sa;
Quel sua bel chilio cosci Gallante,
Mi feci amanti dì sus bella:

In English.

YE Beaus of Pleasure,
Whose Wit at Leisure,
Can count Loves Treasure,
It's Joy and Smart;
At my desire,
With me retire,
To know what fire,
Consumes my Heart:
At my desire,
With me retire,
To know what fire,
Consumes my Heart.

Th

Three Moons that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted,
With Beauty's Ray:

Aurora shews ye,
No Face so Rosy,
No July's Posie,
So fresh and gay.

Aurora, &c

Her Skin by Nature,
No Ermin better,
Tho' that fine Creature,
Is white as Snow;
With blooming Graces,
Adorn'd her Face is,
Her flowing Tresses,
As black as Sloe.
With, &c.

She's Tall and Slender,
She's Soft and Tender,
Some Ged commend her,
My Wit's too low:
'Twere Joyful plunder,
To bring her under,
She's all a wonder,
From Top to Toe.
'Twere joyful, &c.

Then cease ye Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages,
Our Minds are free:
Tho' great your Skill is,
So strong the Will is,
My Love for Phillis,
Must ever be.
Tho' great, &c.

*A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's. Set
a Comical Tune.*



Great Lord Frog ta Lady Meuse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho;
Dwelling near St. James's house,
Cocky mi Chari she;
Rode to make his Court one day,
In the merry Month of May,
When the Sun Shon bright and gay,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

D.

Lord

Lord Frog.

Countess y'have three Daughters fine,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
I'd fain make the youngest min' ;,
Cocky mi Chari she :
I'm well made as ever was Male,
Only bating one simple aisle ;
Pox upon't I've never a Taile,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lady Mouse.

Welcome Noble Peer to Town,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
I'll strait call my darling down,
Cocky mi Cari she :
So much wealth will sure prevail,
Yet I wish that you might not fail ;
Your fine Lordship had a Tail,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Here She comes shall be my Spouse,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
If she'll design to grace my house,
Cocky mi Cari she :
I've a head where Love can plant ;
Tho' a trifling Tail I want ;
Will you fair one liking grant,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

I can ne'er to one consent,
Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
Wants that needful ornament,
Cocky my Cari me :
Uncle Rat too so well known,
That a swinger has on's own ;
Ne'er will let me wed to none,
Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord

Lord Frog.

Sing I can't, my Voice is low
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 But for Dancing dare *Sanlow*,
 Cocky mi Chari she :
 Than altho' my Bum be bare,
 All must own 'tis smooth and fair ;
 I've no Scars of *Venus* there,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Miss Mouse.

When we treat you at our Cheeses,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 All that naked part one sees,
 Cocky mi Chari me :
 Cover'd close we creep and crawl,
 When you swim or diving fall :
 Ey for shame, you shew us all,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

Lord Frog.

Since y're on these lofty strains,
 Croakledom hee Croakledom ho ;
 I'll get one shall value brains,
 Cocky mi Chari she :

Miss Mouse.

Now your Lordship idle prates,
 Those that will have constant mates,
 Must have Tails as well as Pates,
 Twiddle come Tweedle twee.

OCEAN's GLORY:

A Parley of the Rivers. A Royal ODE or CANTATA; made in Honour of King GEORGE'S Coronation. Set to Musick by Dr. PEpusch, after the Italian manner.

[Recitative.]

*Ame and Isis joyn'd in one,
Flowing with Cenubial Pride,
e by fam'd Augusta ran ;
othing to the Ocean they
To great Neptune seem'd to pray
To send in the happy Tide.*

*Haughty grown, they seem'd to slight
cient Humber, Sabrine fair,
asting, now they were to bear
Such a blest, and glorious Weight,
never prest their Waves before :
d thus their Joy resounded to the Shore.*

[Aire.]

*Let your Streams be clearly waving,
E O R G E is come, Great Britain saving ;
Dance, ye Fish, both great and small ;
Pretty Birds in Groves be singing,
Active Deer in Lawns be springing ;
Joyn in Pleasure with us all.*

[Recitative.]

*AN Humber renown'd, and bright Sabrine reply'd,
The Ocean sends the Loyal Tide,
And Fate does you the greatest Honour shew :
We'll*

We'll make our firm Allegiance good,
With you, or any other Flood,

To shame the Parties High and Low :
Unite large Rivers with each strugling Spring,
And shew great G E O R G E the way to make a G
[rious Kin

[Aire.]

Plants and Flowers, the Sweets of Nature,
Cheering now each mortal Creature,
Blest with bright Apollo's Beams ;
Spring and Summer fair and lasting,
All forget the Winter's blasting,
Mounts of Snow, and frozen Streams.



TWANG

TWANGDILLO.

New Ballad. The Words made to the Tune of
a pretty Country Dance, call'd the Hobby-horse.



Jolly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hill,
In his Chest had two thousand good Pounds,
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
And a hundred good Acres of Ground;
Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maiden-heads laden,
And Widows, tho' just set free,
To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit,
To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdillo,
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo, Twangdillo.
The

The first that brake Ice was a Lass had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd;
 Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-trail clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been breed;
 She'd dance Northern Nancy,
 Ask'd Parler vous Fransay,
 That Hodge might her breeding see,
 She'd rowl her black Eye,
 Breath short with a sigh,
 When e'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a Sempstress of Stature Low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male,
 Her Hair as black as an Autumn Sloe,
 And hard as a Coach-horses Tail:
 She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
 And prick with her Needle;
 What d' lack, what d' buy, cry'd she?
 But now the brisk Tone,
 Is chang'd to a Groan,
 Ah! pity my moan, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

A misty old Chamber-maid lean and tall,
 The next as a Suitor appears,
 With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
 For time had drawn them many Years:
 Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
 Old Smocks without number,
 She bragg'd should her Dowry be,
 Forty pair of Lac'd Shoes,
 Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
 But all would not Noose Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a Lass of a Papish strain,
 That Jesuite Whims had been taught,
 She bragg'd they shou'd soon have King J---; again,
 Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot;
 The French would come over,
 And land here at Dover,
 And all as they wish'd, would be;
 The Jacobite Jade,
 Talk'd as if she was mad,
 In hopes to have had Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,
Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf:
had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd,
And lately had Poyson'd himself.

With Bumpers of Claret,
No Souise paying for it,
She'd Roger's Companion be ;
Strike Fist on the Board,
Huzza was the Word,
ome Kiss me ador'd Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
And so gave a loose to the next,
he Niece of a Canting Bleer-Ey'd Non Con,
That stiffly could canvas a Text.

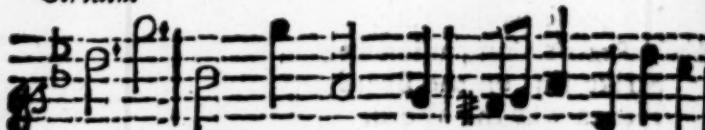
A Dame in Cheapside too,
Would fain be his Bride too,
And make him of London free ;
But no Lass wou'd down
In Country or Town,
purse-proud was grown, Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

ill at last pretty Nancy, a Farmer's Joy,
That newly a Milking had been,
ound-fac'd, Cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
Came tripping it over the Green :

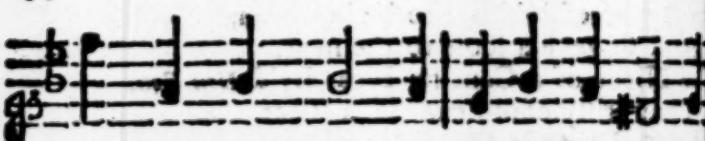
She mov'd like a Goddess,
And in her lac'd Bodice,
A Span she could hardly be ;
Her Hips were plump grown,
And her Hair a dark Brown;
I was she that brought down Twangdillo, Twangdillo,
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo,
Twangdee.

A DIALOGUE in the Opera for Mr. Leveridge
and Mr. Edwards; representing two Country
Boors arguing about the War.

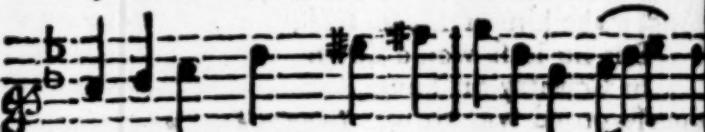
Coridon.



W Elfare Trumpets Drums and batling too, Collin b



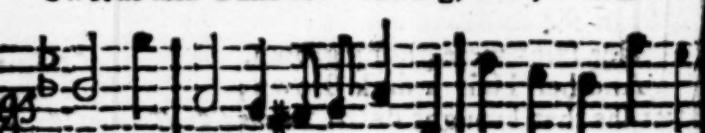
lay down thy Spade, and ne-ver more follow



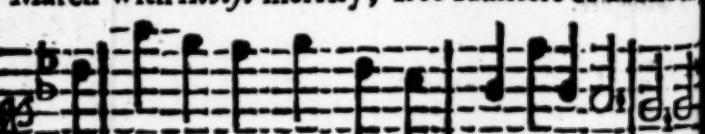
Adam's old Trade; But come on to the War, who



Swords and Guns are ratling, now, whilst we



March with Hoboys merrily; free Hunters of Honour



Thour't slave to the Pride of some Boar of a Manner;

Can

Colin.



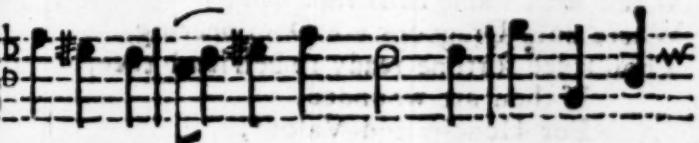
Well, what then, much better is brown Bread and



Water, with Bacon that's Rusty, and Beef, tho' 'tis



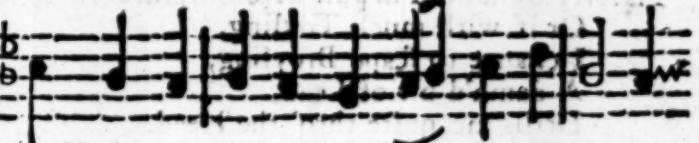
damnable Musty, in course wooden Platters, and



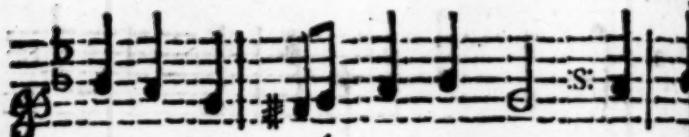
cook'd up by our country Sluts; than Slashes and



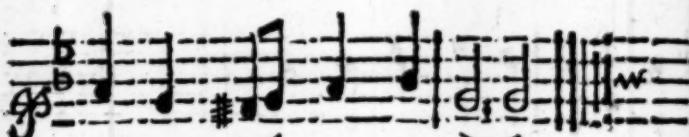
Bruises, and Holes made by Fusses; or feeding on



Fame, when I'an Crip'd and Lame, or sent packing



with a broad Sword thro' my Guts, Z-ns, w-



a broad Sword thro' my Guts.

Coridon.

Dull Fool rail no more at Cavaleering,
What a damn'd Scandal it is,
To sneak here at home,
Grow mouldy with peace,
When loud Fame calls thee out ;
Where bold Dragoons are Domineering,
Thou'l see fortune ready to befriend thee,
If thou art wounded,
For Honour and Valour,
Preferment's propounded.

Colin.

I fear my Commission,
Will prove but a Vision,
For when I am posted,
On Mines, where I'm like to be roasted,
'Tis fortyto one but I'm puff'd from my future Command
Or if with much Toyling,
I chance to scape Broyling,
A damn'd bit of Lead,
Drills me quite thro' the Head,
How the Devil then shall I kiss the King's Hand,
Zoons, how shall I kiss the King's Hand.

Corin

To the Second Part of the Tune.

Coridon.

From Bullets and Fire,
Tho' oft we retire,
Our wishes we Crown,
When we enter a Town
at is Rich, where the Lasses are kind,
d the Plunder's refreshing and Cool.

Collin.

But what if foul weather
Won't let us come thither,
The Trench full of Water,
Then is it not better,
e safe at home, and our Plowjobbers rule.

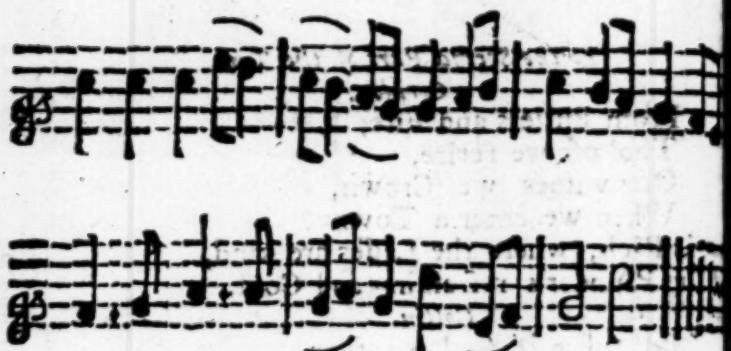
Coridon.

Gad zoinks you're a Cowardly Fool.



New SONG. On the happy Accession to the
Crown, and coming in of our Gracious Sovre-
eign, King GEORGE.





Britains now let Joys increase,
Revel all in happy days,
Royal George has crost the Seas,
Ye Natives homage tender ;
Fate to save us made him hast,
Britains Genius doubly Blest,
And renown'd as was e'er in Ages past,
The Saint our Isles defender.

Halcyon Peace that all must grant,
Has been so long the Nations want,
Glorious and brave some people vaunt,
Has lately fill'd our story ;
But kind Stars so well provide,
And this grand truth will soon be try'd,
For a Monarch is Reigning that will decide
What is for *Britains glory.*

By our late most Zealous Aid
The French a lucky game have play'd,
'Tis now high time to help our Trade,
And mend our bad condition ;
You the scoundrels charm'd with hope,
To gain by *Monsieur*, or the Pope,
At this Juncture much sooner may find a Rope,
Reward for vile Ambition.

Gentl

Gentle winds have swell'd his Sails,
Blest the King with happy gales,
And the darling Prince of Wales,
Our second Faiths defender;
Now let jarring discords cease,
Now we're sure of lasting Peace,
Since the Right must set all our minds at ease,
And baulk the false Pretender.

*SONG. Design'd to be Sung between the Acts
in the Modern Prophets. To the foregoing Tune.*

Now, now comes on, the Glorious Year,
Britain has hope, and France has fear;
This the War has cost so dear,
He flyly Peace does tender:
But our two Heroes so well know
The breach of his Word some years ago,
They resolve, they will give him another blow,
Unless he Spain Surrenders.

Realtin to the Queen then straight begin,
To Marlborough the great, and to brave Eugene
With them let Valiant Webb come in,
Who late perform'd a wonder:
Then to the Ocean an offering make,
And boldly Carouze to brave Sir John Leak;
Who with Mortar and Cannon Mahon did take,
And made the Pope knock under.

Put up the Drum a new Alarm,
The foe is cold, and we are warm;
The Mounstier's Troops can do no harm,
Tho' they abound in Numbers:
Till then once more and the War is done,
All Men and Boys will surely run;
And we know we can beat 'em if four to one;
Which he too well remembers.

The FART;

Famous for its Satirical Humour in the Reign
of Queen ANNE.



YE Jacks of the Town,
And Whiggs of renown,
Leave off your Jarrs and Spleen,
And hast to your Arms
All thronging in swarms
Be ready to guard the Queen ;
With a hum, bum, hym, hum,

For last LORD's-day,
at St. James's they say,
A strange odd thing did chance,
Which put into the News,
All Holland would amuse,
But would make 'em rejoice in France
With a hum, &c.

Each Commoner and Peer,
 Of both Houses were there,
 And folks of each rank and Station,
 Had thither free recourse,
 From the Keeper of the Purse,
 To the Mayor of a Corporation;
With a hum, &c.

When at Noon as in State
 The Queen was at Meat,
 And the Princely Dane sat by Her,
 A Fart there was hear'd,
 That the Company scar'd,
 As a Gun at their Ears had been fir'd;
With a hum, &c.

Which Irreverent Sound
 Made 'em stare all around,
 And in each Countenance lower,
 Whilst judgment thereupon
 Said, it needs must be done,
 As affronting the Sovereign pow'r;
With a hum, &c.

The Chaplain in place
 Had but just said Grace,
 And then cringing behind withdrawn,
 When they call'd back,
 To examine if the Crack,
 Came from him or the Lords in Lawn;
With a hum, &c.

For just by the Chair,
 Some fat Bish'ps were there,
 Whom the Whigg boys fain would bespatter,
 Who with a Sober look,
 Declar'd upon the Book,
 That the Clergy knew nought of the matter;
Of the hum, &c.

But they would not swear,
For the Parties were there,
Of the High Church and the Low,
Who from a mighty Zeal,
For good o' th' commonweal
Might let some of their Baggipes blow;
With a hum, &c.

At this when heard,
Late Comptroler strokt his Beard,
And declar'd with an Antique bow,
He tho' of some nothing knew,
Yet he would vouch for two,
Himself, and his Brother John How;
For the hum, &c.

For the Squire was well bred,
And his Key might have had,
But refus'd for an old State Trick,
And that he that had made Sport,
With Places of the Court,
Now resolv'd upon Wharton's white stick;
With a hum, &c.

When this was done,
And the Crime not yet known,
Came a Law Peer to plead the Case,
How they had no intent,
To affront the Government
Nor had he to regain the Mace;
With a hum, &c.

A Garter and Star,
Next censure did bear,
Who for all he lookt so high,
And carry'd it so great,
In Intrigues of the State,
Yet might condescend to let fly
A hum, &c.

It he, in a heat,
Said the thing in debate,
Pos'd on Each sex might be,
And would have made it clear,
That some Duchesses there,
Were as likely to do't as he;
With a hum, &c.

The Colour then rose,
'Mongst the noble Furbelows,
Honour, and most too, Wives,
Who declar'd upon their rep,
They ne'er made such a 'scape,
Nor e'er did such a thing in their lives
As a hum, &c.

It the Gigling rout,
That were waiting round about,
Was likely were heedless Jades,
So that saving their own shame
They agreed upon the sham,
To have turn'd it upon the poor Maids;
With a hum, &c.

Who all drown'd in Tears,
Charg'd the Ladys there in years,
To tell truth if that hideous roar,
So Thunder-like sent,
From Audacious Fundament,
Would consist with their Virgin bore;
With a hum, &c.

Who answering no,
All disputes fell too,
For now they believ'd it was reason,
To pass the matter off,
As a Joke, and in a Laugh,
Once they ne'er could make it High Treason;
With a hum, &c.

So that turning the Jost,
 They agreed it at last,
 That nought from the Presence did come,
 But the noise that they heard,
 Was some Yeoman o'the Guard,
 That brought Dishes into the next Room;
With a hum, &c.

But the truth of the sound
 Not at all could be found,
 Since none but the doer could tell,
 So that hushing up the Shame,
 The Beef-eater bore the blame,
 And the Queen, Godbe prais'd, din'd well;
With a hum, hum, hum, hum.

The Second Part of the FART;
Or the Beef-eaters Appeal to Mr. D'URFE
 [To the same Tune.]

YE Peers that in State,
 Now with Commons are met,
 To right both the Weak and the Strong,
 Prepare to redres
 A poor Beef-eater's Case,
 Who has had a most damnable wrong;
By a hum, &c.

Strange Jarring I know,
 Twixt the High-Church and Low,
 Does your dear valu'd hours ingrois,
 Yet mine is such a case,
 That I beg it may take place,
 As soon as the Speaker is chose,
With a hum, &c.

or tho' I'm no Lord,
Nor to Senate preferr'd,
Let my Priviledge I'll maintain,
And as free-born of the Land,
You my wrong shall understand,
Which I here will undaunted explain;
Of a hum, &c.

The Fart you late heard,
Laid to one of the Guard,
That of late did the Courts Surprise,
'Tis prov'd was not his,
As Informers did guess,
But a Females of his Jolly size;
With a hum, &c.

The thing came out thus,
Near to Buckingham House,
And the Morte all Fancies excelling,
Near the Ancient Pall-mall,
The Park, and Canal,
Two Buxom young Ladies were dwelling;
With a hum, &c.

related so near,
It does plainly appear,
that they both from one Bottom did come,
The one thin and lean,
As a Garden French Bean,
And the other as round as a Drum;
With a hum, &c.

The Elder when dress'd,
And her Belly straight lac'd,
She stoop'd from behind must Roar,
The Younger as frail,
If she laugh'd at any Tale,
Could not keep in the Juices before;
With a whiske, hum, &c.

34 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Strange quarrels had past,
 'Twixt the first and the last,
And many Tongue combats had been,
 For the Youngest well knew,
 'Twas her Sister that Blew,
The late Blast as she stood by the Queen;
 With a hum, &c.

But letting that go,
Since Winds pass too and fro,
As Fate soon the Case made plain,
 By a Visit they made,
 To a haughty Court Jade,
Who a Page had to hold up her Train;
 With a hum, &c.

Who when at her Gate,
She the Sisters had met,
Bowing low with her back-bone cramp,
 As she gave a Salute,
 Tother stooping to do't,
Gave a proof she was loose in her Rump;
 By a hum, &c.

Which unfortunate noise,
Made her Sister rejoice,
And as nothing more pleasing could come,
 With a laugh screw'd so high,
 She was ready to die.
As she follow'd her into the Room,
 With a hum, &c.

But oh, dismal lot,
Her own Case she forgot,
For just as a filly Foal pisses,
 When she romping does pafs,
 O'er the gay springing grass,
So the Room was Embroyder'd with S.S.
 And a whiffe, hum, &c.

the Dame of the House,
That perceiv'd this abuse,
From Passion could not refrain,
As knowing what was dropp'd,
Could not easily be mopp'd,
Being mixt with a Stercus humain;
And a bum, &c.

and strongly perfum'd,
To Inform her presum'd,
How the Nymphs in the days of Yore,
Who were cleanly inclin'd,
Us'd a Cork for behind,
and a Spung for the Cranny before;
With a whisse, &c.

Come Rattcliff, come Hans,
From the Vine, or from Manno,
Come Morley, to mend this matter,
And if these prove vain,
Come Occult Chamberlain,
Deep learn'd in the Secrets of Nature;
And a bum, &c.

Come Blackmore, come Mead,
Come Sir William Read,
f late by the Sovereign grac'd,
And peeping in their Tails,
Quickly cure these Sisters ails,
Come five Inches under the waist,
Of a whisse, bum, &c.

and the Secret to trace,
Manage both private ways,
ho' I mean not the ways of a Sinner,
That she who does Trump,
Through defect in her rump,
ever more may Perfume the Queen's dinner;
With a bum, &c.

Ajd

And she that is found,
 To be Juicy and sound;
 And each Night fills her two white Pots,
 May no more by a gush,
 That has oft made her blush,
 Deck the Room with her true Lovers knots;
 And a whisse hum, whisse hum.

The NORTHERN Resenter.

A SONG, made to a Scotch Tune call'd Robin
 the Highlander.





YE Brittons aw,
Who are moulding the Law,
your use as occasion is fitting;
What a Deel did you gain,
By late muckle pain,
when our Peers were outvoted from Sitting:
Woons, dant we know,
That a few Years ago,
ye twin'd the Rose with the Thistle;
Yead a gin any Flower,
That ye had in your pow'r,
o' we now are scarce worth a Whistle...

Gud feth we see,
Like a Lass that too free,
is bin bob'd of her Maidenly treasure;
That instead of regard,
For a bargain so hard,
u think you may Slight us at pleasure:
But woon's, take heed,
Say our Loons near the Tweed.
if no brave Caledonian;
Made a Lord by the Queen,
Mayn't do like the Sixteen,
cel awa with the rest of the U---n.

The

The Parson among the Peas. A New SONG.



Ne long *Whitson Holliday,*
 Holliday, Holliday, 'twas a Jolly day ;
 Long Ralph, Buxom *Phillida, Phillida, a welladay,*
 Met in the Peas :
 Long had community,
 Lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 'till Unity, nought but Opportunity,
 Scanting was wanting their bosoms to Ease :
 now Fortunes Cruelty, Cruelty,
 will see, for as they lye,
 close Hugg, Sir *Domine Gemini, Gemini,*
 chanc'd to come by ;
 read Prayers i'th' Family,
 way now to frame a Lie,
 I scar'd at old Homily, Homily, Homily,
 both away fly.

me, soon as he saw the Sight, full of Spight,
 A Kite runs the Recubite,
 He a noisy *Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite,*
 mischief to say ;
 he, wou'd fair *Phillida, Phillida, Phillida :*
 'tis that Holy day,
 poor Ralph, Ah welladay, welladay, welladay,
 turn'd was away,
 his niggs crys Sir *Domini, Gemini, Gemini,*
 All a Rogue stay,
 baulk me as commonly, commonly, commonly,
 has been his way,
 I serve the Family,
 They no nought to blame me by,
 read Prayers and Homily, Homily, Homily,
 three times a day.

A New HE A L T H to the Duke of Marlborou
with Three Glasse's ; ending with a Stanza
Honour of the Prince of Hanover, and Pr
Eugene; made on the occasion of the late
vious Victory at Audenard.



Sing mighty Marlborough's Story,
Mars of the Field,
He passes the Scheld ;
And to increase his Glory,
The French all fly or yield :

Vendo

Vendosme drew out to spite him,
Th' Household Troops to fright him,
Princes o'th' Blood,
Got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durst return to Fight him.

This is the year of Wonders,
The Gen d'arms Gor'd,
With Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General Thunders:
Almanza was the Word;
Sound the Trumpet Sound Boys,
This to his Health be crown'd Boys,
Circle his Brows
With fresh *Oaken* boughs,
And thus let the Glass go round Boys.

the 2d Now we made a Motion,
and put *Eugene* the Brave
the first. A Second shall have,
And could we tope an Ocean,
His due we hardly give:
Still there's one more must be Boys,
Hannover makes 'em up three Boys,
Three in a Hand,
the 3d I'll drink to my Friend,
And so let us all agree Boys.



A New SONG in Honour of the Glorious
Assembly at Court, on the Queens Birth-day; set
to a pretty Scotch-Tune.





When Love fair *Psyche* made his Choice,
Jove sent Mercury from the Skies ;
To summon all the Deities,
 To a divine Collation :
Sol with sweet *Aurora* came,
Vulcan with his charming Dame,
And *Iris* put on a Robe of Flame,
 Streakt with a fresh Carnation :
had a Mantle full of Moons and Stars,
Venus had a Trophy Gown a present made by *Mars* ;
Joy'd o'er with Swords and Guns and Imple-
 ments of Wars,
With Triumphs of many a Nation.

Yet tho' adorn'd in their bright Aray,
Shining Glorious, fresh and Gay,
Twas a trifle all to Queen *Anns* Birth-day,
 Should they compare in Splender :
Every Duke and Dutches here,
Sham'd each God and Goddess there,
Nor could their Joy with ours compare,
 Shewn to our Faiths Defender :
States-man that talks on the Wool-sack big,
 and busle to the Opera, as merry as a Grig,
Dagle there a Tory tall, or a pretty little Whig,
 Defying the Pretender.

The

The great *Eugene*, whose renown does so
Well deserving the * Sword he wore,
Were Diamonds valu'd at ten times more

Thought he beheld a wonder:

Senates Jars he late has seen,
High and Low exalt their Spleen,
But here in Reverence to the Queen,

Both sides truckle under:

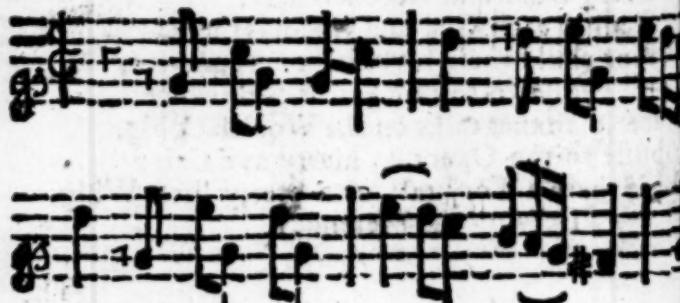
Joy, from this Minute shall each hour increase,
And *Europe* find the Benefit of Honourable Peace,
And he like *Jove* the dire effect of bloody War

And lay aside his Thunder.

* A Sword presented him by the Queen of great Val-

CONJUGAL LOVE.

Made on a Man of Quality and his Lady, to
Air in Pyrrhus.





Kent so fam'd of Old,
lose by the famous Knoll,
wain a Goddess told,
An Am'rous story:
Kent so fam'd of Old.
lose by the famous Knoll,
wain a Goddess told,
An Am'rous story:
d he, these Jarring Days,
en Kings contend for Bays,
ur Love my Soul does raise,
Beyond their Glory ;

Cry'd

Cry'd he these Jarring Days,
 When Kings contend for Bays,
 Cry'd he these Jarring Days,
 When Kings contend for Bays,
 Your Love my Soul, &c.

My Life my Lovely dear,
 Whil'st you are Smiling here,
 The Plants and Flow'rs appear,
 More Sweetly charming :
 The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
 Your Eyes give rays Divine,
 All nature warming :
 The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
 The Sun may cease to Shine,
 And may his pow'r resign,
 Your Eyes give, &c.

She made a kind return,
 That nothing had of scorn,
 This Youth, thought I, does burn,
 To bring her under :
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd, and Lov'd,
 I found his Spouse she prov'd,
 That was his wonder ;
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd, and Lov'd,
 But as they homeward mov'd,
 And walk'd, and talk'd, and Lov'd,
 I found his Spouse &c.

ialogue in the Comedy of the Bath, or the
western Lass: Sung by Mr. Burdon and Mrs.
cas. The Tune by Mr. Akeroyde.

He. What Beauty do I see,
that Heart and Soul commands,
Sweet Madam, honour me,
with leave to kiss your Hand.

She. Oh good, a Man, I swear!
and begs my Hand to kiss,
Methinks I'm pleas'd to hear
he does not call me Miss.

He. Your Eyes, sweet Lady shine so bright,
And I'm so wounded at first Sight,
My Heart does throb,
I sigh and sob,
And am like one just slain,
Unless you Pity show,
And Life restore again.

She. Nay, pray Sir, good Sir go,
I know not what you mean.
You may talk of a Wound
By my Eyes you have found ;
But I cannot believe
Any Hurt they can give :
For I look in your Face,
And it is as it was,
And your Body is sound and whole.

He. Loves Wounds are all within,
whose Pangs the Breast controuls,
Like Lightening pass the Skin;
and blast the very Soul.

She. Why sure, this Love, this dreadful Word,
Is then some sharp and pointed Sword :
Or is't a Snake, Or is't a Bird,
That will pick out my Eyes.

He. Go

He. Go with me, you'll perceive
in Love a Treasure lies,

She. I'll ask my Mother leave,
and follow in a Trice.

He. No, no, no not a Word,
I can better afford
You the Love, if you'll go
Where your Mother don't know;
For if she should be crost,
All the Treasure is lost,
And I conjure for Love in vain;
The Circle you embrace
Is where it must be done.

She. Oh Lard, the Devil you'll raise,
But catch me if you can.

Let the dreadful Engines. In Orpb. Britt

A S O N G. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

L E T the dreadful Engines of eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning,
My Rage is hot, is hot, is hot as theirs, as fatal to
And dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid
Execution do.

Or let the frozen North its Rancour show,
Within my Breast far, far greater Tempests grow,
Despair's more cold, more cold than all the
Winds can blow:

Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
Can nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's Eyes*,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, *Lucinda's Eyes*;
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's Eyes*,
there, there, there, there, there *Etna*,
there, there, there, there, there *Vesuvius* lies,
To furnish Hell with Flames, that mounting,
mounting reach the Skies.

nothing, can nothing warm me,
nothing, can nothing warm me,
yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's Eyes*,
yes, yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's Eyes*,
yes, yes, yes, yes *Lucinda's Eyes*.

Pow'rs, I did but use her Name,
see how all the Meteors flame ;
Lightning flashes round the Court of *Sol*,
now the Globe more fiercely burns,
in once at *Phaeton's Fall*.

ah, where, where are now,
ere are now those flow'ry Groves,
ere Zephirs fragrant Winds did play ;
where are now, where are now,
ere are now those flow'ry Groves,
ere Zephirs fragrant Winds did play,
ere guarded by a Troop of Loves,
fair, the fair *Lucinda* sleeping lay,
ere sung the Nightingale and Lark,
und us all was sweet and Gay,
ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark,
nothing fear'd but shortning Day.

ow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
y must I burn, why must I burn,
y must I burn for this ingrate,
y, why must I burn for this ingrate ;
, cool it then, cool it then, and rail,
e nothing, nothing will prevail,
n a Woman Love pretends,
but till she gains her Ends,
for better and for worse,
r Marrow of the Purse,
re she jilts you o'er and o'er,
es a Slattern or a Whore,
Hour will tease, will tease and vex,
will cuckold you the next ;

They were all contriv'd in Spight,
 To torment us, not delight,
 But to scold, to scold, to scratch and bite,
 And not one of them proves right,
 But all, all are Witches by this Light,
 And so I fairly bid 'em and the World good night,
 Good night, good night, good night,
 Good night, good night.

#####

*A New Ode, or Dialogue, between Mars
 God of War and Plutus, or Mammon
 of Riches; made for the Entertainment of
 Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH,
 General Officers, by the Right Honourable
 Robert Bedingfield, then Lord-Mayor, and
 Honourable the Court of Aldermen in the City
 Set to Musick by Mr. Weldon, and performed
 by Mr. Elford and Mr. Leveridge, Decem-
 —, 1706.*

Mars. *F*rom Glorious Toyls of War,
 With dazzling Banners brought from
 Behold, behold,
First Move-ment with My Hero by the Warriours follow'd, com-
Violins. Thou potent God of Gold,
 Prepare a Royal Feast.
 To treat the Noble Guest;
 Thy gorgeous Purse unty,
 Let shining Medals fly,
 To give 'em joyful Welcome to their Hos-

Mammon e'er unlocks the Store,
And deals to mortal Hands the sacred Ore,
The Soul of all things here below ;
That baffles Crowns,
And raises Towns,
The Will controuls, and makes a Friend a Foe.

Mammon.

2d Move-
ment.

The first must know for what he pays,
Once for Desert alone he turns the Keys ;
But Merit then inspire each Voice and Tongue,
Prepare to hear, for charming is the Song,
Prepare to hear, &c.

Mars.

[Here both sing the two last Lines.]

The Power of *Gallia* shaken,
Ramillies Trophies taken,
Proud *Flanders* too subjected,
And *Belgian* States protected,
With daily Wonders still more strange & great, Trumpets.

Mars.

3d Move-
ment with

As Noble Merit claims Regard,
To prove I always am prepar'd ;
Remember the renown'd *Eugene* ;

Mammon.

I do,
How speedy Bounty did your Wish pursue,
Golden Seraphs to his Succour flew,
That sav'd the sinking Cause ;

Mars.

Mammon.

I do, I do,
This ador'd, Divinity is true.

Mars.

Beyond the *Alpine* Mounts of Snow,
Far as the Banks of ancient *Po*,
Cordial Coyn was sent, O happy Chance,
Heal their fainting Troops, and send a
[Plague to *France* ;
It be the happy Hour the News was brought,
How it be the Great *Eugene* that bravely fought,

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

Mammon.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Mars.

The happy Hour,

*Mammon.*The Great *Eugene*,*Mars.*

The happy Hour,

*Mammon.*The Great *Eugene*;

Blest be the happy Hour, &c.

[Both sing the two last Lines.]

*Mammon*Now Sons of Art, ye tuneful Muses call,
And sing the *Gallick Tyrant's Fall*,
In soaring Alts his Grand Ambition shew,
Then let your Basses sink him down as low:
In Consort next Celestial Voices raise,
And be the *Chorus* still, our God-like General
In Consort next, &c. [Praise]*and Mars*

[Here's a General Chorus of Voices and Instruments.]

*together.**Mars.*By him, to my Prophetick Soul appears
A lasting Joy, that crowns succeeding Year
The valiant, the successful Deeds*Mammon.*Of him, and the Renown'd he leads
Will be eterniz'd, to the utmost Shore,
Then to regale the Chiefs, take all my Store
All, all my Wealth, is a Reward too poor.*Another*Sweet Peace like Paradice is blooming,
Movement And *Halcyon Days* in Prospect coming;
with The rural Swains, with War affrighted,
Flutes. With rosie Nymphs shall sing delighted;
And whilst their harmless Flocks are bleating
Soft Tales of Love be still repeating.*Mars.*But first bring *Gallia* down,*Mammon.*And fix the *Spanish Crown*:*Mars.*From *Bourbon* keep the *Swede*,*Mammon.*Drive *Philip* from *Madrid*:*Mars.*Let *Scotland* banish *Spleen*,*Mammon.*And *Albion* guard their *Queen*:These Joys, that as a Vision now appear,
All, all shall come to pass, and crown

Th'approaching Glorious Year.

[Here's a Grand Chorus of Voices and Instruments.]

The Scotch Lover at Epsom.

D 3



Woe is me, what mun I doe,
 Drinking waters I may rue;
 Since my heart soe muckle harm befel,
 Wounded by a bonny Lass at Epsom well.
 Ise ha bin at Dalkeith Fair,
 Seen the Charming Faces there,
 But all Scotland now geud feth defye,
 Sike a lipp to shew, and lovely rowling Eye.

Jennys skin was white, her fingers small,
 Moggy she was slender straight and tall,
 But my Love here bears away the Bell from all;
 For her I Sigh,
 For her I dye,

In a Wild dispair :

ever Man in Woman took such joy,
ever Woman was so man so coy,
She'll not be my hony,
For my Love or mony,
elladay, what Torment I mun bear.

hen Ise to the Lottery gang,
here the Ladds and Lasses throng ;
hat I lose alas, I never care,
l my heart, and soul, were won before by her :

Or when Raffling is her choice,
For the pretty Silver Toyes ;
hen I wish, the Dice may all run low,
ad of losing that I may oblige her so :
, what muckle difference is there found
the pliant Girles of London Toon,
Besse, and *Pegg*, and *Moll*,
And *Kate*, and *Sue*, and *Doff*,

The fair and small,
The Brown and tall ;

Will aw come too :

ean will boggle at five hundred Pound,
ean refuse a fine Embroyder'd Goon,

Aw will shew their nature,
But this Cross grain'd creature,
eelen take her, friend — what mun I do.

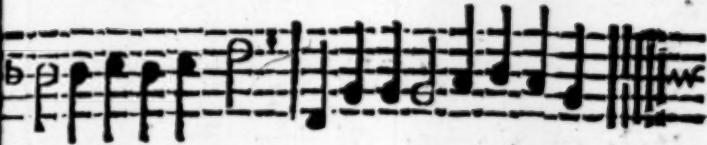


A SONG in my Play call'd the Richmon
Heirefs: Sung by Mr. Pack.



P I L L S to Purge Melancholy.

57



Aiden fresh as a Rose,
Young buxome and full of jollity,
like no Spouse among Beaux,
Fond of their Raking quality ;
who wears a long bush,
All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
and with Nose full of Snush,
Snuffles out Love in a merry vein.

ho to Dames of high place,
Do's prattle like any Parrot too,
at with Dóxies a brace,
At Night, piggs in a Garret too ;
trimony out-run,
To make a fine shew to carry thee,
ainly Friend thou'rt undone,
If such a Creature Marry thee.

en for fear of a bribe,
Of flattering noise and vanity,
ak a Lad of our Tribe,
He'll shew thee best humanity ;
shy, thou wilt find Love,
n civil as well as secular,
t when Spirit doth move,
We have a gift particular.

o' our graveness is pride,
That boobys the more may venerate,
that gets a Rich bride,
Can jump when he's to Generate ;
f then goes the disguise,
To bed in his Arms he'll carry thee,
en to be happy and wise,
Take *Yea* and *Nay* to Marry thee.

D. 5

A.

A New SONG.

Made on the late Glorious Battle and Victory
gain'd over the French by the Duke of Marl
borough and Prince Eugene; and also the
taking of Mons.





Now Cannon smoke clouds all the sky,
And through the gloomy wood ;
From ev'ry Trench the bougers fly,
Desmeer'd with dust and Blood :
Whilst valour's palm, is ours in fight,
And Mons to terms we bring ;
But bragging Boufflers vainly write,
False wonders to the King :
He resolves to end the war,
And Lewis like a falling star,
Though late he fate on high,
A meteor of the sky ,
Shall from his place remove,
Whilst Europe o'er does rove
With welcome olive branch, the peaceful Dove.

Hail mighty Marlborough, great Eugene,
 Thanks for your glorious toile ;
 And 'mongst the best of Marshal men,
Nassau and brave Argyle :
 Warriours in honours bed who lye,
 Whose fame shall ever spring,
 Take for reward perpetual joy ;
 Whose great renown we sing :
Mounseur, Mounseur, leave off Spain,
 To think to hold it is in vain,
 Thy Warriours are too few ;
 Thy Martials must be new,
 Worse losses will ensue :
 Then without more ado
 Be wise, and strait call home, Petite Anjou.

Forty long years thou hast in gore
 Been dabling up and down ;
 Seek now Imperial Crowns no more,
 But plot to save thy own :
Sweden the buckler to thy arm,
 Fomenter of the war ;
 Who kept thy blind Ambition warm,
 Flyes from the frozen Czar :
 Fill then a glafs each Brittifh heart,
 From this great Health let no one start ;
 Here's to our happy Queen,
 To Marlborough and Eugene :
 And those that shortly mean,
 To wade the River Sein,
 'Tis, 'tis a Cordial rare to cure the Spleen.

Lyrical VERSES;

ide in honour of the Nobility and Gentry Assembling on the first day of March 17¹⁴₃. Being the Anniversary of St. DAVID: Also the Birth-day of her Royal Highnessthe PRINCESS; Written, Set to Musick, and humbly Address'd by T. D'URFEY.

S far as the glittering God of day Extends his radiant light; And Britain her Glory will display, In every Action bright: The Fleur de lise, and English Rose, May boast of their Antique tales; The Leek with the greatest honour grows, For the lasting renown of Wales.

vain all our Musical Bards did seek, To know whence this glory sprung; Our time out of mind has the famous Leek In Tuneful Verse been sung: The Tentons allow'd, and victorious Rome, And the brave Black Prince ne'er fails; The Battle of old by this Signal o'recome, To exalt the renown of Wales.

The brave British Heroes did often appear, Recorded in Golden lines, dwallader first led the van without fear, With whom Conan and Griffith joyns: We'll give them their due, But must now find out new, And our valiant young Prince bring in play; Who by pow'r divine, Proves, he's fated to shine. In a sphere, as serene as they.

Ect.

Let *Cinthia* give up her Reign of the Night,
 And abscond in the foamy seas ;
 The *Princess* that power must claim as her right,
 If Beauty has power to please :
 The Goddess confessit,
 All our hearts has possedit ;
 And will more every Age o'ercome,
 By her temper that charms,
 And adorably warms,
 And her brace of young Angels at home.

Shine out then bright Star, and whilst Nations from
 All unite to applaud thy worth ;
 We sounding our joys,
 With a general voice,
 Bless the Day that first gave the Birth :
 To George and his race,
 Let Pretenders give place,
 Wheresoe'er they are known or seen,
 And when he soars on high, twill to them be some
 Who survive to see thee a Queen.



An ODE on the Anniversary of the Queen's Birth. Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell April 30th, 1690.

A Rise my Muse, and to thy tuneful Lyre,
 Compose a mighty Ode :
 Whose Charming Nature may Inspire
 The Bosom of some listning God
 To Consecrate, thy bold Advent'rous Verse,
 And *Gloriana's* Fame disperse
 O're the Wide Confines of the Universe ;
 Ye Sons of Musick raise your Voices high :
 And like your Theme be your blest Harmony.

FILLS to Purge Melancholy.

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Sound all your Instruments & charm the Earth;
Upon this Sacred day of Gloriana's Birth.

[Second Movement.]

See how the Glittering Ruler of the Day,
From the cool Bosom of the Sea,
Drives, Drives with speed away,
And does attending Planets all
To wanton Revels Call.
Who from the Starry East and West ;
To Celebrate this day make hast,
And in new Robes of Glory drest
Dance in a Solemn Ball,
Hail gracious Gloriana Hail ;
May every future year
Rowl on, unknown to Care ;
May each propitious Morn arise
Bright as your vertue, charming as your Eyes,
And each succeeding hour new pleasures bring,
To make the Muses yearly sing :

All Hail, All Hail,
Brightest and best of Queens, all Hail.
And though the times distres, to Warsalarms
Calls the lov'd Monarch from your Arms ;
Your Phæbus does to lower Spheres decline,
Only to Rise again, and with more Lustre
(shine).

[Third Movement.]

To quell his Countries Foes
Behold, the God-like Hero goes,
Fated and born to Conquer all,
Both the great, vulgar and the small,
To hunt the Savages from Dens :
To teach 'em Loyalty and Sence:
And sordid Soulsof the true Faith Convince. }
But ah, I see * Eusebia drown'd in Tears ;
The sad Eusebia mourning Wears,

And

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

And in dejected State
 Thus moans her hapless Fate ;
 Ah wretched me, must Cæsar for my
 These fatal dangersundertake.
 No, no, ye awful Powers, no, no,
 Fate must some meaner force Employ,
 Fate must not let him go ;
 But Glory cryes go on ;

On, on, Illustrious Man ;
 Leave not the Work undone,
 Thou hast so well begun.
 Go on, great Prince go on.

Chorus. See, See, all Europe bend their eyes

On thy great enterprize :
 Advance thy dazzling Shield,
 And haft then to the Field ;
 Haft, haft, to Honour and Renown,
 Honour, that on a Heroe's brow
 (brighter than a C

Chorus of All.

Exalt, exalt, your Voices high,
 And with your skilful melody :
 Raise Gloriana's grief to Joy :
 Bring warbling Lutes to hush her Cares,
 Bring moving Flutes to Charm her ears.
 Ah ! may their softning Influence
 Each passion Calm, please every sense :
 And never, never, let her Mourn ;
 Great Cæsar's Absence short will be, and Gl
 (His Re



A Mock Address to the French KING.

Occasioned by the two Glorious Victo-
ries at Donawerf, and Hochstet, by his Grace
the Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Prince
GENE. The Tune by Mr. Corbet.





O Ld Lewis must thy Frantick Riot
 Still all Europe vex?
 Methinks 'tis high time to be quiet,
 Now at Sixty Six:
 Thou late hast Acted, as Distracted,
 Placing Phillips Crown,
 And faith if that I, can Prophecy,
 Thy own is tumbling down:
 For now thy Flower of Arms are lost,
 Of Empire dream no more,
 Thy trembling Gen'sl arms off will post,
 When English Cannons roar:
 And whilst Tallard and others frown,
 To play their captive Scene,
 The fates with Oaken Garlands crown
 Great Marlborough and Eugene.

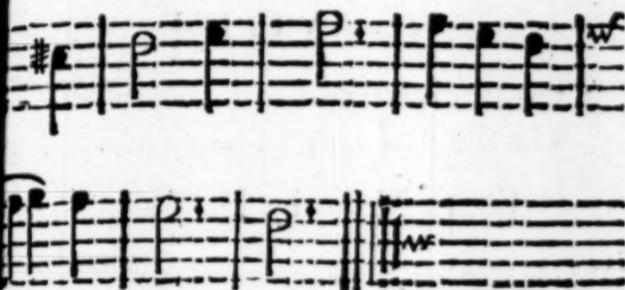
ous, vile, and abject state,
at Bavaria see,
Princely station forc'd of late,
serve now basely thee:
itter'd Race to corners fled,
te having means for Life,
for their poor distressful bread,
olding to his Wife:
inn inrag'd, his Country gon,
Plots too all unhing'd,
iseness to our Kingdom shewn,
proper time reveng'd;
by Wars renown'd alarms,
e by our Glorious Queen,
no can e're oppose in arms,
e Marlborough and Eugene.

lia, where fames golden book,
ws Cæsar's glorious Theme,
yield to her, whose Hero took,
Army at Blenheim:
retriev'd, and Traerbach gain'd,
s next years fate presage,
nd the most Renown'd Campaign,
known in any Age;
ewis, pray be sure for this,
Deums loud you roar,
et your Cousin the Arch-Bish,
point 'em as before:
t we that with good Reason think,
r joys are now serene,
when flowing Bowls we drink,
eat Marlborough and Eugene.

Love

LOVE of no Party: A New SON





April Morn, when from the Sea,
Cæbus was just appearing;
and Celia young and gay,
settled Love indearing:
a Grove to vent their spleen,
Parents unrelenting;
of Tory race had been,
of the Tribe Dissenting.

whose Eyes outshone the God,
ly the hills adorning;
him Mamma wou'd be stark mad,
missing Pray'r's that morning:
his Arm around her waft,
re tho' nought shou'd 'em funder;
my rough Dad know how I'm blest,
ou'd make him roar like Thunder.

ones whom proud Ambition blinds,
Faction still support it;
here vile money taints the mind,
ey for convenience court it:
mighty Love, that scorns to shew,
erty shou'd raise his glory;
rs he'll Exalt a Vassal true,
t it be Whigg, or Tory.

An

An ODE

For the Anniversary Feast of St. CÆCILIA
On the 23d Day of November, 1697

Set to Music by Dr. John Blow.

THE Glorious Day is come, that will for ever
Renown'd as MUSIC's greatest Jubilee,
The Spheres, those Instruments Divine,
Tun'd to Apollo's Charming Lyre ;
The Sons of all the Learned Nine,
With soft Harmonious Souls Inspire ;
Behold, around *Pernassus* Top they sit,
And Heavenly Music now, vies with Immortal
Warm'd by the Nectar from the *Thespian* Spring
Of bright Cæcilia they sing ;
Admir'd Cæcilia that informs their Brains :
Their awful Goddess, that their Cause maintain,
And with her sacred Pow'r supplies,
The Artful Hand and tuneful Voice,
And gives a taste of Paradice, in more than mon-

[S]

And first the Trumpets Part
Inflames the Heroe's Heart ;
The Martial Noise compleats his Joy,
And Soul Inspires by Art :
And now he thinks he's in the Field,
And now he makes the foe to yield ;
Now Victory does eagerly pursue,
And Music's warlike Notes make every fancy

The Battle done, all loud alarms do cease,
Hark how the charming Flutes conclude the Peas
Whose softning Notes make fiercest Rage obey :
If *Pan*, beneath the famous Mirtle's shade,
To *Midas* half so well had Play'd,
The *Delphian* God himself had lost the Day.

P I L L S to Purge Melancholy.

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of Pleasure now crowd on apace ;
Sweetly the Violins sound to each Bass :
Lishing Trebles delight ev'ry Ear,
irth in a Scene of true Joy does appear :
ver of *Phillis's* rigour complains ;
ourn for their losses, or laugh for their gains ;
in an Extasie publish their Joy,
the Name of *Cæcilia* resounds to the Sky.
leaven ! what is't I heat ?
arbling Lute Inchant my Ear :
eauty's Pow'r Inflames my Breast again ;
and Languish with a pleasing Pain.
Notes so soft, so sweet the Air,
Soul of Love must sure be there,
ine in Rapture charms, and drives away Despair.

Celestial Musick ! what can be,
this side Heaven, compar'd to thee ?
u only Treat, fit for a Deity :
uchs by Flattery or Fame,
Arrogate a Glorious Name,
each Soul Delighting Symphony,
res'd to bright *Cæcilia's* Royalty,
scred Honours fit for none, but for Divine degree. } }

that blest King, and God-like Prophet knew,
at oft from Worldly Joys withdrew ;
Glittering Pomp, and all the Courtly Throng ;
d to th' Eternal King of Kings,
the sweet Harp's well govern'd Strings,
best Devotion in Seraphick Song.

C H O R U S.

And thus by Musicks Pow'r,
Above dull Earth we soar ;
Exalt our Chorus to the Skie,
And in Transporting Melody
Cæcilia's Name Adore.

Divine Cæcilia, whom we all confess
Our Arts Inspire ; Musick's Patroness.

A SONG in Don Quixote,

Sung by one representing Joy. Set to Music by Mr. I
Mr. Ralph Courtivill.

Victumnus *Flora* you that bless the fields,
Where warbling *Philomel*,
Warbling *Philomel* in safety builds ;
And to the Nymphs, to the Nymphs and Swains
That Revel, Revel, Revel o're these plains,
That Revel o're these plains :
Dispose the Joy, dispose the Joy,
Dispose the Joys that Heav'n and Nature yields.

Call *Hymen*, call *Hymen*, call, call, call, call ;
Call *Hymen* from his merry, merry, merry, merry
(ry, merry)
From his merry, merry, merry, merry home ;
From his merry, merry, merry, merry home :
Call *Hymen*, call, call *Hymen* from his merry, me
(merry, merry, merry)
Bid him prepare, prepare, bid him prepare,
Bid him prepare, prepare, prepare his Torch,
And come to Sing and Drink, to Sing and Drink
To Sing and Drink full Bowls ;
Call, call, call loud, call, call, call loud, loud,
Call loud, and say, 'tis Beauty's feast, 'tis Beauty's
'Tis Beauty's feast, *Quitera's* Wedding Day ;
'Tis Beauty's feast, *Quitera's* Wedding Day,
Quitera's Wedding Day.



A Mad DIALOGUE.

*In my Play, call'd the Richmond Heires, by
Mr. Leveridge and Mrs. Lynsey; Set to Musick
by Mr. Henry Purcell. In Orph. Britan.*

B Ehold, behold the Man that with Gigantick
Might,
Dares, dares, dares Combat Heav'n again ;
Storm Joves bright Palace, put the Gods to flight ;
Chaos renew, and make perpetual Night ;
Come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting
(Fools,
Come on, come on, come on ye Fighting, Fighting
(Fools,

That petty, petty Jars maintain,
That petty, petty Jars maintain ;
I've all, all the Wars of Europe,
All the Wars of Europe in my Brain,
I've all, all, all the Wars of Europe in my Brain.

Who's he that talks of War ?
When charming, charming Beauty comes,
Whose sweet, sweet Face divinely Fair,
Eternal pleasure, eternal pleasure, eternal pleasure
(blooms ;
When I appear, the Martial, Martial God a con-
(quer'd Victim lies ;
Obeyes each glance, each awful Nod,
And dreads the lightning of my killing Eyes ;
More, more than the fiercest, the fiercest,
The fiercest Thunder in the Skies.

Ha ! ha ! now, now, now, now we mount up high,
Now, now we mount up high,
The Sun's bright God and I,
Charge, charge, charge on the *Azure*,
Charge on the *Azure* downs of ample Sky.

See, see, see, see, see, see, see,
 See, see, see, see, see, see, see,
 How th' immortal Spirits run,
 See, see, see, see, see, see, see
 How th' immortal Spirits run ;
 Pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue,
 Pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue, pursue,
 Drive 'em o'er the burning Zone ;
 Drive 'em o'er the burning Zone,
 From thence come rowling down,
 Come rowling down, and search the Globe
 With all the Gulphy Main, to find my lost,
 My wandring Sense, my wandring Sense aga

She. By this disjoynted matter,
 That crouds thy Pericranium,
 I nicely have found
 That thy Brain is not sound,
 And thou shalt be,
 And thou shalt be my Companion.

Come, come, come, come, come, come,
He. Let us plague the World then,
 I embrace the blest Occasion ;
 For by instinct I find
 Thou art one of the Kind,
 Thou art one of the Kind,
 That first brought in,
 That first brought in Damnation.

She. My Face has Heaven enchanted
 With all the sky born Fellows,
 Jove press'd to my Breast, and my Bosom he
 Which made Old Juno Jealous.

He. I challeng'd grisly *Pluto*,
 But the God of Fire did shun me,
 Witty *Hermes* I drubb'd, round the Pole wi
 For breaking Jokes upon me.

[Chorus of both.]

*Then mad, very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all Things in Nature are made too as we.*

He. I found *Apollo* singing,
The Tune my Rage increases,
I made him so blind with a Look that was kind,
That he broke his Lyre to pieces.

He. I drank a Health to *Venus*,
And the Mole on her white shoulder;
Mars flinch'd at the Glass, and I threw't in his Face,
Was ever Hero bolder?

She. 'Tis true, my dear *Alcides*,
Things tend to Dissolution;
The charms of a Crown, and the crafts of the Gown,
Have brought all to Confusion.

He. The haughty *French* begun it,
The *English* Wits pursue it.

She. The *German* and *Turk* still go on with the Work,
He. And all in Time will rue it.

C H O R U S.

*Then mad, very mad let us be,
Very mad, very mad let us be,
For Europe does now with our Frenzy agree,
And all Things in Nature are mad too as we.*

*A SONG by a Mad Lady in Don Quixote
Set by Mr. John Eccles.*

I Burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn,
My Brain consumes to Ashes,
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes
Like Lightning flashes ;
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,
Which in a thousand, thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow, blow, blow,
Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow,
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis sultry, sultry, sultry Weather ;
Pour 'em all on my Soul, it will hiss,
It will hiss like a Coal,
But never, never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride, hot as Hell, that first made me rebel
From Love's awful Throne a curst Angel I fell ;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well ;
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my self did create,
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, adieu transporting Joys,
Adieu, adieu transporting Joys ;
Off, off, off, ye vain fantastick Toys,
Off, off ye vain fantastick Toys,
That drep'd this Face and Body to allure,
Bring, bring me Daggers,
Poyson, Fire, Fire, Daggers, Poyson, Fire
For Scorn is turn'd into Desire ;
All Hell, all Hell feels not the Rage,
Which I, poor I, which I, poor I endure.

Remarks for the French KING.

SONG Occasioned by the taking of Lisle and
that Glorious Campaign.





Grand Lewis let pride be abated,
Thy Marshals have all had a foyle;
Boufflers like Tallard is ill Fated,
And *Vendosme remembres the Dyle.*
Thy hand is quite out at Invasions,
And spite of thy Fortifications,
Brave Eugene has taken *Lille*:
Tho' on'e day Burgundy,
Was merry with Berry,
And bragg'd the Queens Troops he would scourge,
Make Britains, and great ones,
This Summer run from her,
And own Chevalier de St. George;
Tho' the Crump too that Season,
Got Bruges and Ghent by Treason,
We'll make him e'er long disgorgue.

ox of your race of high Flyers,
late on the Battlements flood ;
shew'd to get out of the Bryers,
t Princes you had of the Blood ;
welfare the Gallant Hanover,
late his high Birth to discover ;
g'd as a young Hero shou'd :
iaid too, who fled too,
e snapt so, and cropt so,
y never could face us again ;
cunning, or running,
t better the matter,
y shun mighty Marlborough in vain
Monsieur t'alarm ye,
ce more he Hockstets your Army,
ll give ye no thanks for Spain.

Troops can do nothing but rattle,
e Webb the discovery begun ;
o prov'd at the Wyndale Battle,
y fast thy Mob Army could run :
valour shall flourish in Story,
thus while he adds to our Glory,
own will out-Post the Sun.
geting that beating,
early bold party,
e marcht towards Brussels fair Town,
ere bouncing and clattering,
h Cannon for battring,
Electoral Hotspur late down ;
when some time after,
Generals cross'd o're the water,
ay the wild Goose was flown.

paria this shameful disaster,
t half yet repays thy past ill,
t first being base to thy Master,
d afterwards false to King Will ;

And if 'tis thy simple Opinion,
Le Roy can restore thy Dominion,
Parblew thou art frantick still:
 Pursuing his Ruin,
 We're Marching and Charging,
 Resolv'd on a winter's Campaign,
 Cold Snowing, and Blowing,
 In Terrour are shewing,
 Great *Marlborough* and Glorious *Eugene*.
 We'll Storm too like Thunder,
 Vile Towns that are Fated for Plunder,
 And take 'em *L'Espee à la main*.

A SONG.

*Sung by Mr. Pack in the OPERA call'd
 Kingdom of the Birds, to the Dance betw
 the High and Low Flyers.*





WHAT are these Idots doing,
That daily their Feuds advance;
As if they were pursuing,
New ways to favour *France*?
For shame give over your Dance,
Your National danger see;
No longer forfeit your sense,
But agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

Whilst strange and trivial Reasons,
The whimsical Brain allures;
You lose the happy Season,
That shou'd encourage your Powers.
The *Monsieur* is at you Doors,
And if he received must be;
The Shame and the Scandal is Yours:
Then agree, ye Rash *Britains*. agree.

Ye Soaring High-flown People,
In Politicks so profound,
You climb so high on your Steeple;
It makes your Brain turn round.

Consider how you lose Ground,
 If Foreigners Master be,
 Whilst you with Maggots abound ;
 Then agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

And you, whose senseless Jargon,
 Contentious Night and Morn,
 Declaims against an Organ,
 As 'twere a Sow-gelder's Horn :
 Let Concord's Power adorn
 Your Hearts, if wise you'll be,
 Nor longer merit a Scorn ;
 But agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

'Tis known you are richly landed,
 And you have a place at Court ;
 And you the *Bank* have commanded,
 And you have two Ships in Port,
 Yet still ye Reason retort ;
 And if ye ruin'd must be,
 'Tis all rank Folly in short ;
 Then agree, silly *Britains*, agree.

Religious Safety doubted
 Still makes the Nation groan,
 You make such Stirs about it,
 Some Wise Heads think you have none
 But all is for Interest done,
 As faith it likely may be,
 Let that Point stated be known,
 And agree, ye rash *Britains*, agree.

The NIGHTINGALE.

by Mrs. Balwin, in the Kingdom of the Birds.







G, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug,
jug, jug, jug, jug, jug,
jolly Philomel upon the Hawthorn sings,
jolly Philomel upon the Hawthorn sings,
sings, upon the Hawthorn sings.

Happy we, that all, all excel
what true Pleasures, true Pleasures bring;
one Island, one Island lies below,
o, did they but the Blessing know,
They reap by Glorious Means,
u'd raise their tuneful Voices high,
d never cease this Song of Joy,
Long live the best of Queens,
Long live the best of Queens.



On

*On the Affairs Abroad, and King WILLIAMS
Expedition.*

Set by Dr. Blow.





Church Scruples and Jars plunge all Europe in Wars,
English Cæsar espouses our Quarrel,
Destin'd to stand against Lewis le Grand,
And wear his now flourishing Laurel.

Cause that is best, now comes to the Test,
Or Heaven will no longer stand Neuter,
Pronounce the great Doom for old Luther or Rome,
And prevent all our Doubts for the future:

Would turn a wise Brain, to consider what Pain
Tools take to become Politicians,
S, Bullies, and Cits, all set up for Wits,
And ingeniously hatch New Divisions.

They knew their hot Zeal for a New Common-weal,
And some for a New Restauration,
Thus cavil and brawl, 'till the Mounfieur gets all,
And best proves the Wit of the Nation.

So we Med'cines apply, yet the Feaver swells high,
First caus'd by a Catholick Riot,
Which no Cure can gain, 'till the breathing a Vein
Corrects the mad Pulse into Quiet;

What whate'er Disease on our Country may chance,
Let's drink to its healing Condition,
And rather wish William were Victor in France,
Than Lewis were England's Physician.

A DIALOGUE.

*Highly diverting Queen Mary, in the 4th
the second Part of DON QUIXOTE; /
Clown and his Wife. Sung by Mr. Read
and Mrs. Ayliff. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.*

In Orph. Britan.

He. Since Times are so bad, I must tell you Sir
 I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Oxen
 And to the fair City a Journey will go,
 To better my Fortune as other folk do:
 Since some have from Ditches,
 And course Leather breeches,
 Been rais'd, been rais'd to be Rulers,
 And wallow'd in Riches;
 Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Work
 Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Work
 For if Gypsies don't lye,
 I shall, I shall be a Governor too, e're I dye.

Sbe. Ah! Collin ah! Collin, by all, by all thy late doings
 With sorrow and trouble, with sorrow and trouble
 (the pride of thy Master
 Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,
 And now, and now Sundays Jacket goes every where

Ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou
 (thou master)

He. To make my Shooes clean,
 And foot it, and foot it to the Court,
 To the King and the Queen,
 Where shewing my Parts I Preferment shall

Eye, eye, eye, eye, eye, eye, eye, eye, eye, 'tis bet-
(ter,

Tis better for us to Plough and to Spin :

For as to the Court when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'l find nothing got there, unless thou can'st
(Buy ;

For Money, the Devil, the Devil and all's to be
(found,

But no good Parts minded, no, no, no, no good
(Parts minded without the good Pound.

Why then I'le take Arms, why then I'le take Arms,
(I'le take Arms,

And follow, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now a-days plaguily charms :

And so lose a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after, for leaving, for leaving
(the Plough.

Suppose I turn Gamester ?

So Cheat and be Bang'd :

What think'st of the Road then ?

The High-way to be Hang'd ;

Nice Pimping however yields Profit for Life,

I'le help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife :

That's dangerous too, amongst the Town Crew,
For some of 'em will do the same thing by you ;
And then I to Cuckold ye may be drawn in,
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and Spin,
Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and Spin.
Will nothing Prefer me, what think'st of the Law ?

Oh ! while you live, Collin, keep out of that Paw :

He.

He. I'll Cant and I'll Pray.

She. Ah! there's nought got, ah! there's nought

(that)

There's no one minds now what those black C

(Let all our whole care, be our Farming Affai

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-T

[Verse for Two Voices.]

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no

(tentment can

She. So I'll to my Distaff;

He. And I to my Plough;

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no

(tentment can

No, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

(Contentment can

no, no, no Contentment can show.

CHORUS.

She. Let all our whole care, be our Farming Affair;

To make our Corn grow and our Apple-Trees Bear;

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Content

(ment can

She. So I'll to my Distaff;

He. And I'll to my Plough;

Ambition, Ambition's a Trade, a Trade no Content

(ment can

No, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

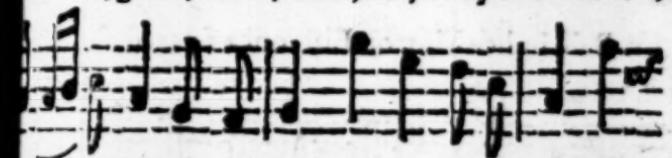
(Contentment can

No, no, no Contentment can show.

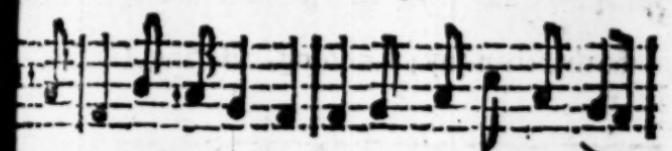
merous SONG, Sung at Mary the Bux-
ton's Wedding, in my Play of Don Quixote.



Dame all, great, small, short, tall, away to Stoolball;



In a Vale on a Summersday, all the Lads and



Maides met to be Merry, a match for Kisses at



Stoolball play, and for Cakes and Ale, and Sider and



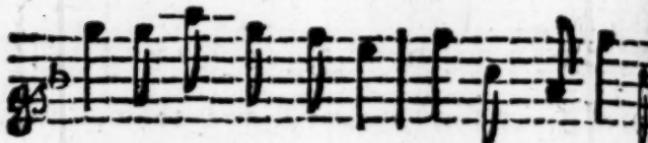
Merry. Will and Tem, Hell, Dick and Hugh, Kate,



Sue, Bes and Moll, with Hodge, and Briger,
and



and James, and Nancy ; but when plump Sis,



Ball in her Mutton Fist, once fretted, she'd hit



farther than any ; Running, Haring, Gaping,



Reaching, Stooping, Hollowing, Whooping ;



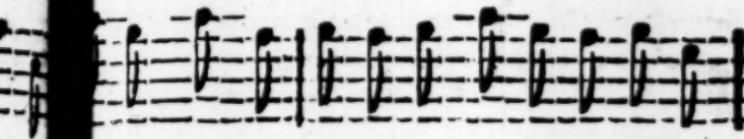
setting, all thought fitting, by consent to re



Hall got Sue, and Doll got Hugh, all took



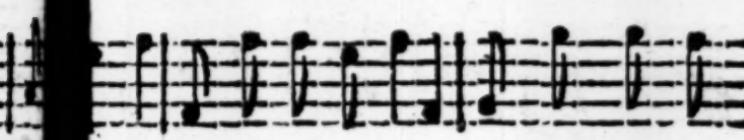
sis, was their Lasses and Bus'd 'em. Jolly Ralph was



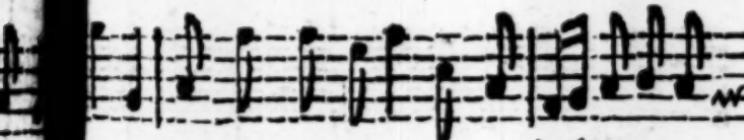
'd him on with Peg, tho' freckl'd like a Turkey Egg, and



ng. Same as right as is my Leg, still gave him leave to



g; Squeze her. Harry then to Katy, swore, her Duggs were

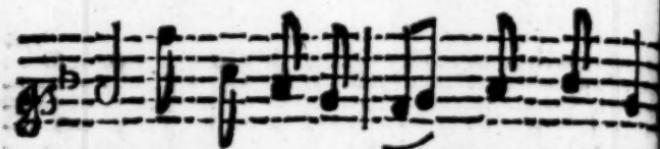


rely pretty, tho' they were all sweaty, and large as any

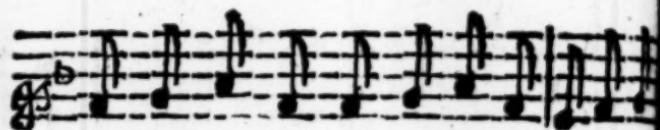


took. Cows are. Tom Melancholy was with his Lass; for

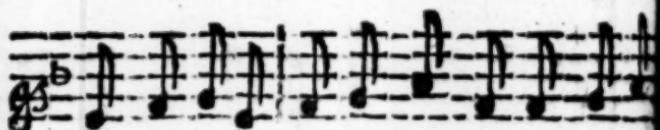
Sue



Sue do what e'er he cou'd, wou'd not note



Some had told her, b'ing a Soldier in a Pa



with Mac-carty, at the Siege of Limrick, he



wounded in the Scrotum. But the cunning



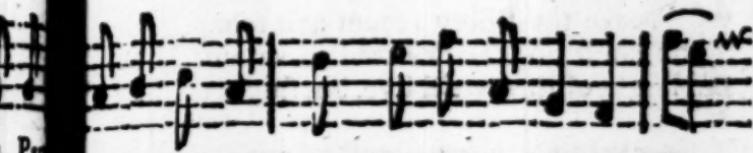
was more kind to Willy, who of all their A



was the ablest Ringer; He to carry on the Ja



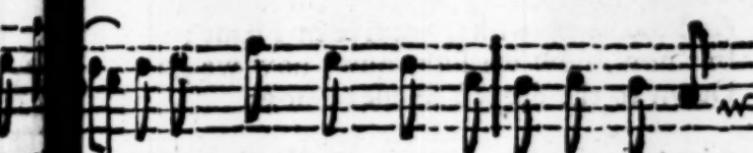
ins a Bumper to the best, and winks at her of



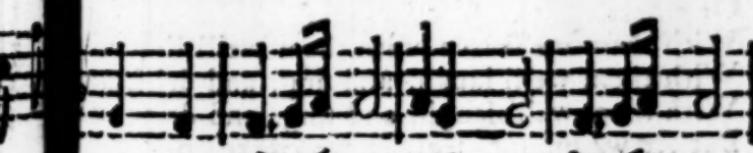
all the rest, and squeez'd her by the Finger. Then



at the Glasses round, then went the Lasses down, each



Ladd did his Sweet-heart own, and on the Grass did



fling her. Come all, great small, short, tall,



a-way to Stool Ball.

The

The STORM:

*Set to Music by Mr. Henry Purcell. To be
in his Orph. Britt.*

B Low, blow *Boreas*, blow, and let thy furly
Make the Billows foam and roar ;
Thou can't no Terror breed in valiant Minds,
But spight of thee we'll live, but spight of thee we
(and find a
Then cheer my Hearts, and be not aw'd,
but keep the Gun-Room cleer ;
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar ab
Whilst we have Sea-room here :
Boys, never fear, never, never fear.

Hey ! how she tosses up ! how far,
The mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star ;
The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we cam
And *Salamander*-like, we live in Flame ;
But now, now we sink, now, now we go
Down to the deepest Shades below.

Alas ! alas ! where are we now ! who, who can
Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,
Or where the Sea-Gods dwell :
With them we'll live, with them we'll live and am
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink am
With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink am
But see we mount, see, see we rise again.

[Second Movement.]

Tho' flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main ;
Tho' the Captain does swear, instead of a Pray'r,
And the Sea is all Fire by the Damons o'th' Air,
We'll drink and defie, we'll drink and defie
The mad Spirits that fly from the Deep to the Sky,

By, fly, from the Deep to the Sky,
 Sing whilst loud Thunder, and sing whilst loud Thunder
 (does bellow);
 He will still have, a kind Fate for the Brave,
 He'll make his Grav't of a Salt-water Wave,
 An, to drown, no, never to drown a good Fellow;
 ever, no, never to drown a good Fellow;
 ever, never to drown, no, never, never to drown a good
 (Fellow,
 ever, no, never to drown a good Fellow.

Sole at Piquette. The Words made, and set
 a Tune by Mr. D'Urfey; made at Rams-
 ey Manner.





W Ithin an Arbour of Delight,
As sweet as Bowers Elizian,
Where famous Sidney us'd to write,
I lately had a Vision;
Methought beneath a Golden State,
The Turns of Chance obeying,
Six of the World's most noted great,
At Piquette were a playing.

The first two were the brave *Eugene*,
With *Vendosme* Battle waging,
The next a Nymph, who to be Queen,
Her *Monsieur* was engaging:
The *Fleur de-lis*, old *Maintenon*,
With sanctified *Caro* ;
And next above the scarlet *Dow*,
Queen Anne, and *Gallick Nero*.

The Game between the Martial braves
Was held in diff'rent Cases,
The Frenchman got Quatorze of Knaves,
But Prince *Eugene's* four Aces:
And tho' the 'tothers eldest Hand
Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,
Yet now the Point who soonest gain'd,
Could only get the best on't.

From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see
The Churchman and the Lady,
And found her pleas'd to high degree,
Her Fortune had been steady ;
The Saints that cram'd the Spanish Purse,
She hop'd would all oblige her,
For he had but a little *Tercie*,
When she produc'd Quint-Major.

But now betwixt the King and Queen
An Empire was depending,
Within whose mighty Game was seen
The Art of State-contending :
The Monsieur had three Kings to win't,
And was o'er Europe roaming,
But her full Point, Quatorze and Quint,
Won all, and left him foaming.



A Dialogue between Mr. Pack and Mrs. Bra
shaw, in the Opera call'd, The Kingdom
of the Birds.





She. O H Love if a God thou wilt be,
Do Justice in Favour of me
For yonder approaching I see
A Man with a Beard,
Who as I have heard,
Has often undone
Poor Maids that have none,
With sighing, and toying,
And crying, and lying,
And such kind of Eoolery.

Ht. Fair Maid by your Leave,
My Heart does receive
Strange Pleasure to meet you hers,
Pray tremble not so,
Nor offer to go,
I'll do ye no Harm, I swear,
I'll do ye no Harm, I swear.

She. My Mother is spinning at Home,
My Father works hard at his Loom,
And we here a milking are come,
Their Dinner they want,
Pray Gentlemen don't
Make more ado on't,
Nor give us Affront,
We're none of the Town
Will lie down for a Crown,
Then away, Sir, and give us Room.

Hr. By Phœbus, by Jeze,
 By Honour, by Love,
 I'll do ye dear sweet no harm,
 Y're as fresh as a Rose,
 I want one of those,
 Ah, how such a Wife would charm,
 Ah, how such a Wife would charm.

Shr. And can you then like the old Rule,
 Be Conjugal, honest, and dull,
 And marry, and look like a Fool,
 For I must be plain,
 All Tricks are in vain,
 There's nothing can gain
 The Thing you'd obtain,
 But moving, and proving,
 By Wedding, true Loving,
 My Lesson I learnt at School.

Hr. I'll do't by this Hand,
 I've Houses, I've Land,
 Estate too in good Free-hold,
 My Dear, let us joyn,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good Purse of Gold.

She. You make me to blush, now I vow,
 Oh Lord, shall I too baulk my Cow,
 But since the late Oath you have swore,
 Your Soul shall not be
 In Danger for me,
 I'll rather agree,
 Of two to make three,
 We'll Wed, and we'll Bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a Milking more.

British Muses an ODE, occasion'd by the Hearing of Five fine Ladys at a Man of Quality's House in the Country, playing a Sonata in Comfort.





AS the Delian God, to fam'd *Halcyon*,
 From Heavens high Court descended down,
 There the Tuneful Muse's playing he found,
 A Sonata Divinely rare :
 When *Thalia* touch'd the charming Flute,
Errato Struck the warbling Lute ;
 And *Clio*'s Treble joining to't,
 Made the Harmony beyond compare.

Then *Euterpe*'s full Bass, the sweet Consort did rale,
 And with pleasure each Sence alarm'd,
 E'ry Note was enjoy'd, e'ry Hand was employ'd,
 With sounds of Joy the Flowery Valley rung :
Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue,
 But when his dear *Calliope* Sung,
 Ah, then the God was charm'd.

A SONG in the Modern Prophets.





WE Prophets of the Modern Race,
 To hide rebellious Evil,
 Pretend we all excel in Grace,
 And fight against the Devil :
 We range, we roam, we quake, we foam
 We breed by Inspiration,
 We own the Call the Spirit moves,
 And then the chosen Sister proves
 By frequent Agitation.

Strange Miracles we ne'er unfold,
 We scorn to understand 'em,
 Those shewn the Mob in Days of Old,
 Provok'd, but did not mend 'em ;
 We Cant in Tone,
 We sigh, we groan,
 Nor do our Whimseys tire us ;
 And tho' our Preaching be hum drum,
 And writing senseless as Tom Thumb,
 We still have Fools admire us.



Epithalamium on the Marriage of the Honourable Charles Leigh.





Draw, draw the Curtain, fye, make hast,
The panting Lovers long to be alone,
The precious Time no more in talking wast,
There's better Busines going on:
Our Absence will their Wishes crown,
The next swift Moment's not too soon,
Our artful Song sounds like a Drone,
For now all Musick, but their own,
Is harsh, and out of Tune.

Now Love inflames the Bridegroom's Heart,
How weak, how poor a Charmer is the Flute;
And when the Bride's fair Eyes her Wishes dart,
How dully sounds the warbling Lute.
If this Divine, harmonious Bliss
Attends each happy Marriage Day,
Who such a blessed State would miss,
And such a charming Tune as this,
Who would not learn to play?

Oh Joy too fierce to be exprest,
Thou sweet Atoner of Life's greatest Pain,
By thee are Men with Love's dear Treasure blest,
And Women still by losing gain.
Smile then divine, propitious Pow'rs,
Upon this Pair let Blessings flow,
Let Care mix with their Sweets, not Sowera,
But may succeeding Days and Hours
Be charming all as now.

DIALOGUE: Set by Mr. Henry Purcell,
sung by a Boy and Girl at the Play-houſe.

Celemene, pray tell me,
Pray, pray tell me Celemene,
When those pretty, pretty, pretty Eyes I see,
Why my Heart beats, beats, beats in my
(Breast,
Why, why it will not, it will not, why, why, it
(will not let me rest :
Why this trembling, why this trembling too all o'er?
Pains I never, pains I never, never, never felt be-
(fore :
And when thus I touch, when thus I touch your
(hand,
Why I wish, I wish, I wish, I was a Man ?
How shou'd I know more than you?
Yet wou'd be a Woman too.
When you wash your self and play,
I methinks could look all day ;
Nay, just now, nay, just now am pleas'd, am pleas'd
(so well,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell,
Shou'd you, shou'd you kiss me, I won't tell.
No, no I won't tell, no, no I won't tell, no, no I
(won't tell,
Shou'd you kiss me I won't tell.
Tho' I cou'd do that all day,
And desire no better play :
Sure, sure in Love there's something more;
Which makes Mamma so bigg, so bigg before.
Once by chance I hear'd it nam'd,
Don't ask what, don't ask what, for I'm ashamed :
Stay but till you're past Fifteen,
Then you'll know, then, then you'll know what
('tis I mean,
Then you'll know what, then you'll know, what
('tis I mean.

110 PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

He. However, lose not present bliss,
But now we're alone, let's kiss:

But now we're alone let's kiss, let's kiss.

She. My Breasts do so heave, so heave, so heave,

He. My Heart does so pant, pant, pant;

She. There's Something, something, something

There's Something, something, something

(we)

(we)



The Happy Country Gentleman ; A New Song.

The Words made to a pretty Italian Air : Sol

Nicolini, in the Opera of Rinaldo. Il r
bero humiliato, &c.

AL the World's in Strife and hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill cease;

Some for Interest, some for Glory,

Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace :

Since the High-Church then and Low,

Make our daily Mischiefs grow,

And the Great, who sit at the Helm in doubt,
Are not sure, how quickly they may turn out:

How blest is the happy he,

Who from Town, and the Faction that is the

For Love and no ill ends,

Treats his Neighbours and his Friends,

He shall ever in the Book of Fame,

Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the High Purse-bearer,

At this Levy no Crowds you see;

hat was the Grand Cause heaper,
Now no longer makes Decree:
to prove her wavering evil,
that Fortune is the Devil,
Hero leading our Arms abroad,
om they late did Celebrate like a God,
ce has any to Drink his Health,
Friend does not kindly put it round by stealth;
A Whigg is out of grace,
And a Tory in his place:
llies all, and something is amiss,
ut a Whimsical world is this.

So * * * * * So * * * * * So
S * * * * * *S* * * * * * *S*
H * * * * * *H* * * * * * *H*
D * * * * * *D* * * * * * *D*
findarick O D E, on New Years-Day : Per-
form'd by Vocal and Instrumental Musick, before
their Sacred Majesties King WILLIAM and
Queen MARY. Set by Dr. John Blow.

Behold, how all the Stars give way;
Behold, how the Revolving Sph'rt,
ells to bring forth the Sacred Day,
hat ushers in the mighty Year;
ilft *Judas* with his double Face
wing the present Time and past,
rong Prophetick Fury sings,
t Nation's Glory and our King's.

England's Genius, like the dazzling Sun,
ud of his Race, to our Horizon run
welcome that Celestial Power,
at of this Glorious Year begins the Happy Hour:
A Year from whence shall Wonders come;
A Year to baffle *Princes* and *Rome*,
d bound the dubious Base of Warring Christendom.

Move on with Fame, all ye Triumphant Days,
 To Britain's Honour, and to Cæsar's Praise ;
 Let no short Hour of this Year's bounded Time
 Pass by without some A& sublime :
 Great William, Champion of the Mighty States,
 And all the Brinces the Confederates :
 Ploughs the Green Neptune, whilst to waft Him
 The Fates stand smiling on the Belgick Shore :
 And now the Gallick Genius Trembles,
 How e'er the Pannick Fear dissembles ;
 To know the Mighty League, and view the

So when the Persian Pride of old,
 Disdain'd their God the Sun,
 With Armies, and more powerful Gold,
 Did half the World o'er run,
 Brave Alexander chang'd their Scorn to Awe,
 And came and fought, and Conquer'd like Nassa

Then welcome Wondrous Year,
 More Happy and Serene,
 Than any ever did appear,
 To bless Great Cæsar and his Queen :
 May every Hour encrease their Fames ;
 Whilst Echoing Skies resound their Names :
 And when Unbounded Joy, and the Excess
 Of all that can be found in Human Bliss,
 Fall on 'em, may each Year be still like this,
 Health, Fortune, Granduer, Fame, and Victory,
 And Crowning all, a Life, long as Eternity.

C H O R U S.

Come ye Sons of Great Apollo,
 Let your Charming Comforts follow ;
 Sing of Triumph, sing of Beauty,
 Sing soft Ayres of Loyal Duty ;
 Give to Cæsar's Royal Fair,
 Songs of Joy to Calm her Care ;
 Bid the less Auspicious Year Adieu,
 And give her joyful Welcomes to the New.

*A SONG in the first Part of Massaniello,
Sung by Mr. Pate, Representing Fate.*

om Azure Plains, blest with Eternal day,
elestial flow'ry Groves, that ne'er decay ;
Lucid Rocks that Sol's bright Rays let in,
Where, with unclouded Brow,
I fate and view'd the deeps below,
Now my Female drudges Spin ;
I am come, thy Courage to improve,
The Eternal's Doom, Engrav'd in Adamant above ;
And oh ! thou drowsy Deity,
That dost in slumbers bind,
The Body of Mortality,
And calm the Stormy Mind ;
ore, no more his Brain possess,
the soft charm of gentle Peace,
ust awake to bloody Wars,
und Fury, civil Jars,
s by Heav'n's decree for wonderous deeds design'd.

enaro, Protector of Naples, descends and Singt.

er. Tho' mighty Fate all must obey,
nd conq'ring Hero's greatest King,
mongst the rest of human things,
to his dreadful sway ;
view thy Book of Dooms once more,
u there wilt find one happy hour,
n Naples shall be free from Rebel power,
is sure as the revolving year,
nd I her darling Saint appear
top thy fury, least it should exceed,
tell thee tho' permission of this ill
creed mystery, and th' Eternal's Will ;
Yet he that does the deed,
For doing it, must bleed.
Hear each Neighbouring Destiny.

[Ascends.]

Who.

Who the Souls of Mortals free,
 Hear my Voice and straight obey,
 Heaven Commands, the Work must stay.
 Such a number, and no more,
 Must Encrease your fatal store,
 And he must die the task being o'er;
 Remember all 'tis so decreed,
 That he that does this mighty deed,
 For doing it must bleed.

AN ODE on the Assembly of the Nobility
 Gentry of the City and County of York,
 Anniversary Feast, March the 27th.
 Set to Musick by Mr. Henry Purcell.
 of the finest Compositions be ever made,
 cool the performing.

OF Old, when Heroes thought it base
 To be confin'd to Native Air,
 And Glory brought a Martial Race,
 To breath their towring Eagles here,
 The Sons of Fam'd * *Brigantium* stood
 Disputing Freedom with their blood;
 Undaunted at the Purple flood,
Brigantium honour'd with a Race Divine;
 Gave Birth to the Victorious *Constantine*.
 Whose Colony whilst Planted there,
 With blooming Glories still renew'd the Year,
 The bashful *Thames* for Beauty so Renown'd,
 In hast ran by her Puny Town;
 And poor † *Augusta* was ashame'd to own.
Augusta then did drooping lye,
 Though now she rears her towring front so high.

* York. Anciently so call'd. † London.

Pale and Purple * Rose,
after cost so many Blows
In English Barons sought;
Price too dearly bought :

* The Houses
of York, and
Lancaster.

The fam'd Worthies of that Shire,
best by Sword and Shield defended were.
in each Tract of Glory since,
their Lov'd Country and their Prince;
those that hate Rome's Slavery,
join the Nations Right with their own Royalty,
were more ready in distress to save,
were more Loyal, none more Brave.

now when the Renown'd *Nassau*
to restore our Liberty and Law,
work so well perform'd and done,
were the first begun ;
did no storms or threatenings fear,
Thunder in the grumbling Air,
my Revolutions near :
Noble work large hopes of freedom told,
dom Inspir'd their minds and made 'em bold,
gave them English Hearts like those of Old,
welcome their Redeemer when he came,
whose Virtue and whose Fame,
our long smother'd Joys burst into brighter flame.
when the Glittering Queen of Night,
a black Eclipse is shadow'd o're,
the Globe that swells with fallen Pride,
er dazzling Charms to hide,
does but a little time abide,
then each Ray is brighter than before.

CHORUS of all.

Musick joyn in a Chorus Divine,
raise of all, of all, of all,
Celebrate, that Celebrate,
Glorious Festival.
d Trumpets sound, beat every Drum,
it be known through Christendom,

This

*This is the Knell of falling Rome,
To him that our Mighty Defender has been,
Sound all,
And to all the Heroes invited him in,
Sound all,
And as the chief Agents of this Royal Work,
Long flourish the City and County of York.*



VIVE le ROY.

*The Poet's humble Address to the King.
Words made to a pleasant Tune.*

Now over England Joy to express,
Sing, sing vive le Roy ;
The Town and the Countrys have made an Ad-
And sing vive le Roy.
For Loyalty many, and many for Place ;
True Hearts duty employ,
Whiggs, now Publish your Joy ;
High-Church and Low-Church,
The True Church, and No Church,
All Sing, sing vive le Roy,
All Sing vive le Roy.

A Glorious Feast Great Britain may boast,
Sing, sing vive le Roy ;
Where since Royal George, Treat us all at his co-
Who sing vive le Roy :
The Muses 'tis hop't, may have share of the roa-
Sound, sound far as the Sky ;
Fame, fame never to dye,
For the Cause Royal, Obedient and Loyal :
They Sing, sing vive le Roy,
All Sing Eve.

firm to fix their Renown,

Sing, sing *vive le Roy;*

Revolutions, some up and some down,

Sing, sing *vive le Roy:*

He out of Forty, was false to the Crown,

are, rare Carols of joy;

ear, bear fancies on high,

Wealth haters, Abhorring all Traitors:

They sing, sing *vive le Roy,*

All sing &c.

ars go round the Town at each meal,

Sing, sing *vive le Roy;*

we in Wit, as in Metals may deal,

Sing, sing *vive le Roy:*

ome are of Lead, yet the best are in Steel,

round, round Europe they fly;

Vide, wide Nations supply,

Spectators, with Morals and Satyrs:

Still sing, sing *vive le Roy,*

Sing, sing &c.

wise Members ripe for a Fray,

Would Sing *vive le Roy;*

ake my Advice in a moderate way,

Or sing *vive le Roy:*

quiet two Bottles, and three Meals a day,

No more Strife would destroy,

No more Malice supply;

ent stories, the Whiggs, and the Tories,

Would end all, *vive le Roy,*

All, all &c.

f vile humours lasting and long,

Wont sing *vive le Roy;*

sides to support it, with Libel that's strong,

To sing *vive le Roy;* hire Tom D'ursey to make a smart Song,

Where, where, as in a glass,

They'll see plainly each face;

, and Crambo, to wy el de Gambo,

Would soon sing, &c.

Thus

112. PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Thus mighty Sir, thus finishing all,
Sing, sing vive le Roy;
I wish you long Life, and your Fame to extol,
And sing vive le Roy:
You'd throw down Mardyke, and you'd build up Whin
Hark, hark Muses on high,
Chant loud Carols of Joy:
Britain's Reliever, Reign o're us for ever,
And long, long vive le Roy,
Long, long vive le Roy.

A New SONG on the late Peace, and the
sent turn of Times. The Words made to a
ty Playhouse Tune.

Now some Years are gone,
Since you saw Apollo smiling,
Britain's cares exiling;
When the Dove was flown:
To crop the Branch, the sign of Peace,
Then flew o're the Nation,
A Royal Proclamation;
Human gore,
Should flow no more,
Nor Crimson o're,
The Flemish shore:
All hated feuds abroad, should ever cease.

[Second Movement.]

Above twenty Years did France oppole,
With hopes of Empire blinded;
Castile, to frightened Peace with blows,
Tho' now they think fit to mind it;

The *Hogen* that plunder'd our Fishing before,
 Tho' grumbling agreed to secure his gain;
 And the greedy *Spread-Eagle* that gap'd to
 (have Spain)
 At last too was forc'd to come o'er.

But if this sham Peace do at last bring
France upon us;
High-Church has undone us,
 That caused War to cease:
 Had ruin'd else the *Mounfleur* quite:
 Then if Forces slender,
 Can bring in the *P——r*:
 Waft him here,
 Thro' plains of Air,
 And turn the State,
 In spight of Fate:
 You may affirm, the *Tories* plotted right.

[Third Movement.]

But let Royal George live long in Health,
 He'll prop the sinking Nation;
 If Peace don't bring us Fame and Wealth,
 Mardyke shall have small Cessation;
 Council are wise, and their Policy sure,
 It against all our fears, will our Rights maintain;
 Marlborough's Arms, and the Chancellor's Brain,
 Country shall still be Secure.



This

*The Coronation HEALTH; the Words make
pretty new Tune.*

Great Cæsar is Crown'd,
To the Skies let it sound;
Tho' the Tories, the Tories, the Tories,
With Malice, do grumble and lower:
Whilst Whiggs raise their Joys,
With a general Voice;
And with Boo, huzza boo, huzza boo, huzzas,
The great Cannon go off at the Tower.

Prince Wales along,
Gave such Grace through the throng;
That you'd fancy, you'd fancy, you'd fancy, you'd
Some God had descended:
His Goddess look'd on,
And with joy heard each Gun;
Give a boo, huzza a boo, huzza a boo, huzza,
By her brace of young Angels attended.

Then fill Glasses high,
For methinks I am dry,
'Till I'm toping. I'm toping, I'm toping, I'm
Success to the King and the Nation:
'Twill wit too Inspire,
And we'll second the Fire;
Of the boo, huzza boo, huzza boo, huzza,
Never was a more Glorious occasion.



MUSIDORA:

New SONG. *The Words made to a pretty Scotch Ayre.*

Pening Budds began to shew
The Beauty of their vernal Treasure,
had routed Frost and Snow,
Obeying Flora's Pleasure:
n by a River's side,
se silver Streams did gently glide,
par'd his Blessings to the Tide,
That flow'd beyond all Measure.

Fair and Young
ith panting Rapture still alarms me,
on, Shape, or charming Tongue,
l raise a Flame that warms me:
excelling Titan's Ray;
when she's most divinely gay,
kindly designs to sing and play,
Oh *Venus!* how she charms me.

, dearest of all Dears,
arm'd by Nature to content ye,
er Face the Figures wears
Pleasure, Joy, and Plenty:
ing Hopes, and Doubts, and Fears,
Young inchants, the Old she chears,
ell she makes dull seventy Years,
ow brisk as Five and Twenty.

On the Warwickshire Peers. A New Song
The Words made to a pretty Tune,

Ride all England o'er,
East and West, South or Nore,
And try every British Peer;
The Warwickshire Lords
Will excel what affords,
Any other remaining Shire.
Peer Den——^{gh} is kind,
And a hearty true Friend,
Lord Cr——ⁿ the same we know,
He'll still hold ye to't,
From the Dram to the Flute,
And ne'er give ye a Hint to go.

North——ton of Fame
Should have first here a Name,
Whose Deserts great Applause have gain'd,
His brave Loyal Race,
To their Country a Grace,
In Old Times the Crown's Right maintai'd,
Lord Brook by his Choice
Would make Warwick rejoice,
Would his Spleen let him Harbour the
But since that plagues his Head,
For his Cure let him read
* *Le Malade Imaginaire.*

Lord Willoughby's Old,
But courageous and bold,
For the Rights of the Church and Crown,
Who though ninety Odd,
Was freezing his Blood,
For the Cause would ride post to Town,
But, oh, to its Shame,
There is one without Name,
Tho' the French have it plain, ^{in full}
I say nought of his Face,
But his stigmatiz'd Dress,
You'll find is a Coventry Blue.

* *A Play of Moliere's.*

And now this is past,
 To dear Stonely I hast,
 That its Patron my Praise may share,
 Spite do what it can,
 He that looks like a Man,
 May still find a Welcome there :
 The Queen still goes round,
 And the Warriours renown'd,
 The Church too, and all its Sons,
 Who cry, let's go there,
 Some good News we shall hear,
 Lord Thomas has fir'd his Guns.

Lord Digby of late
 Is so wondrous sedate,
 That 'tis counted a kind of Crime,
 Condemn'd to his House,
 Without sometimes a Loose,
 He'd be sainted before his time ;
 A regular Life,
 Free from Faction and Strife,
 Gains Applause still amongst the Wise ;
 But who shuns all Converse,
 Lives as 'twere in a Hearse,
 And is dead now, before he dies.



The Brisk COMPANION.

*Reflecting on the Party Humours and Discords
WHIGG and TORY. A New Song
Written in the Great Snow. The Words
to a pretty New Minuet.*

Flow the flowry Rain,
That blanches round the Plain,
Filling the Hills and the Dales so fast,
Snow will soon be gone;
Then, then the vernal Sun
Brightly will right ye
From Troubles past,
When his Glory does restore me,
Wine his Creature,
Charms my Nature,
Drink, drink then to the Wise and Brave;
Torys raise your little King,
Whiggs, let all the Tories swing,
I, a Club more brisk will have.

Rot 'em, crys the Whigg,
Steeple Rogues grow so big,
To their New Perkin they roar a Song;
Oh, says High-Church Brood,
We can't be understood,
They take a King that can't speak our Tongue;
This a Canter,
• This a Ranter;
One for true Kings,
One for New Kings;
Stark mad, they often fall to Blows,
Whilst our jolly Beaus esprits
Drink, o'er Wit and Harmony,
Hang the Sect can be our Foes.

LOVE and GRATITUDE: Or, THE PARALELL;
 A Lyrical ODE, taken from a Chapter in
 the famous Italian Boccace.

SONGS
ds N Old Italian Tales we read
 A Youth, by Riot, and fond Love undone,
 yet a Faulcon left of famous Breed,
 sole Companion in his fatal Need,
 And chief Diversion when he left the Town.

Saint that did his Soul possess,
 Such'd with a generous Sense of his Distress,
 Made him a Visit at his poor Retreat,
 From his Heart nobly feasted, but alas,
 His empty Purse could get;
 Nothing was good enough for her to eat:

All rack'd with shame, and a long fruitless Search;
 He, more to make his perfect Love appear,
 Darling Hawk snatch'd from the Pearch,
 And dress'd it for his Dear;
 Such generous Act did so entirely gain her,
 He gave him all her Love and Wealth,
 Nobly paid her Entertainer.

PARALLEL.

when my Love, with Fate at Strife,
 In hope was lost to gain the Fair,
 And Nature's darling Hawk, my Life,
 Was doom'd a Feast for sad Despair.
 Divine Olympia chang'd the sad Decree,
 And with infallible Divinity,
 Gave a new Being to my Soul and me.

The Yeoman of Kent, A BALLAD.

*Relating how the Parson of S—b finding
George in his Shirt under his favourite Ma—
Bed, beat him, and turn'd bim home with
bis Cloaths.*



IN Kent I hear, there lately did dwell
Long George, a Yeoman by trade,
Plump, lively and young, brisk, jolly and strong.
Who fugell'd the Parson's fine Maid,
And her Ruffdom, Ruffdom, frizledom Mad,
Her Hey Rump, frizlerump de,
Rowze about, rowze about, seek all the Hause about,
Under the Bed was he.

It once fell out, a Moon-shiny Night,
It seems his Passion did move,
He thought fit to wooe her, and do something to
So great was the Power of his Love,
To her Ruffdom, &c.

At Window then he softly did call,
Sweet Amber Mary pray rise,
Since May-day our dancing, Love has been advanc'd
And thou art my beautiful Prize;
With thy Ruffdom, &c.

Fye George, she crys, these Words are but Toys,
My Master sleeps in his Bed,
The Door it is lock'd, and I'm in my Smock,
Be gone, there's no more to be said
To my Ruffdom, &c.

the God of Love, says he, wounded me,
and bade me fly to thy Arms,
durst, and I will, this Night have my Fill,
and taste of the luscious Charms
Of thy Ruffdom, &c.

Love command, dear Georgy, thy Hand ?
or then it can be no Sin ;
crawling, the tugging, with hawling and lugging,
through Window at last he got in
To her Ruffdom, &c.

They were so fierce, they made the Bed squeak,
the Parson heard them, as 'tis said,
to Marriage obeying, and with his Wife praying,
and one did the same to his Maid
In her Ruffdom, &c.

Both soon rose, but Georgy was gone,
Who heard the Noise that they made,
they might not find him, and afterwards bind him,
screw'd himself under the Bed
From her Ruffdom, &c.

'twould not do, the Wife found him out,
down Bum blaz'd under the Bed ;
Mary, she swore, Odswoons y're a Whore,
and soon you in Jayl shall be laid,
With your Ruffdom, &c.

Parson crys, ye wicked young Dog,
ow durst you do such a Folly ?
tho' to save Strife, I may preach with my Wife,
sometimes sing Anthems with Molly,
And her Ruffdom, &c.

Then out he pull'd Tall George in his Shirt,
and gave with Bedstaff some Blows,
sent him away to his Farm before Day,
without ever a Rag of his Clothes,
the Ruffdom, Ruffdom, frizledom Madg,
Hey Rump, frizlerump Dee,
about, towre about, seek all the House about,
der the Bed was he.

The Courtier and Country Maid. A Ballad

[C H O R U S first.]



[Second Movement, like a Chorus.]



'Twas in the flowry Spring,
The Linnet, Nightingale and Thrush,
Sate on the fresh green hawthorn Bush,
And Jug, jug, jug, and twee, twee, twee,
Most sweetly they did sing.

[*Bombuy and Doppa.*]

Bom. A L L you that either hear or read,

This Ditty is for your Delight:

Dop. 'Tis of a pretty Country Maid,

And how she serv'd a courtly Knight.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

This courtly Knight, when Fields were green;
 And Sol did genial Warmth inspire,
 A Farmer's Daughter late had seen,
 Whose Face had set his Heart on Fire,
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Oft to her Father's House he came;
 And kindly was receiv'd there still,
 The more he added to his Shame,
 Since only 'twas to gain his Will.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The Evening then amongst the rest
 He came to visit the good Man,
 Needs must know where Clara was,
 And heard she was a milking gone.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then call'd he for his pamper'd Steed,
 With Pistols at his Sadle Bow,
 To the Meadow rode with Speed,
 Where she was milking of her Cow.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

pretty Hands that stroak'd the Teats,
 From whence the Milk down streaming came,
 Form'd his Thoughts of other Sweets,
 That more encreas'd his raging Flame.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then off he lights, and tyes his Horse,
 And swore she must his Pain remove,
 Not by fair Means, yet by Force,
 Since he was dying for her Love,
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The pearly Tears now trickling fall,
 That from her bashful Eyes do flow,
 That he heeded not at all,
 But does her strait his Pistols shew.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

But first pull'd out a fine gay Purse,
 Well lin'd within, as she might see,
 And cry'd, before it happens worse,
 Be wise, and take a Golden Fee.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Oh keep your Gold, reply'd the Maid,
 I will not take your golden Fee,
 For well you hope to be repay'd,
 And greater Treasure take from me.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

A thundering Oath then out he sent,
 That she should presently be dead;
 For were his Heart not eas'd, he meant
 Point blank to shoot her thro' the Head.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Then making hast to seize her, went
 And laid the Fire-Arms at her Feet,
 Whilst Clara seeing his Intent,
 Has no recourse to Aid, but Wit.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

She feigns a Smile, and clinging close,
 Cry'd out, I've now your Courage try'd,
 Y'have met no simple Country Mouse,
 My Dear, you shall be satisfied.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father takes me for a Saint,
 Tho' weary of my Maiden Geer,
 That I may give you full Content,
 Pray look, Sir Knight, the Coast be clear.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Look out, and see who comes and goes,
 And you shall quickly have your Will;
 For if my Father nothing knows,
 Then I shall be a Maiden still.
'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

The witless Knight peeps o'er the Hedge,
As one well pleas'd with what he heard,
Whilst she does both the Pistols snatch,
And boldly stood upon her Guard.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Keep off, keep off, Sir Fool, she cry'd,
And from this Spot of Ground retire,
or if one Yard to me you stride,
By my sav'd Maiden-head I fire.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

My Father once a Soldier was,
And Maids from Ravishers would free,
His Daughter too, in such a Case,
Can shoot a Gun as well as he.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

or Soveraign too, when Foe invades,
Can on Occasion bravely kill,
or shoot, like you, at harmless Maids,
That wont obey your Savage Will.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

Tho when the good old Man, whose Cheer
Shew'd welcome, tho' of little cost,
Rape thought on his Daughter dear,
Most grateful way to pay your Host.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

To home, ye Fop, where Game's not dear,
And for half Crown a Doxey get,
or seek no more a Partridge here,
You could not keep, tho' in your Net.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

At this the Knight look'd like a Mome,
He sues and vows, but vain was all,
or soon convey'd the Trophies home,
And hung up in her Father's Hall.

'Twas in the flowry Spring, &c.

A SONG in the last ACT of the Modern Prophets. Sung by Mr. Pack.



Ould ye have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with sweets and dears,
toying, and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears :
ily, prettily talk her down,
her, and praise her, if fair or brown,
Sooth her, and smooth her,
And tease her, and please her,
touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Ye fancy a Widow well known in a Man ?
In a front of Assurance come boldly on,
her rest not an Hour, but briskly, briskly,
her in mind how her Time steals on ;
e and prattle although she frown,
se her, and towse her from Morn to Noon,
her some Hour y're able to grapple,
n get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Ye fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
t's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety,
ur her much fairer than all the Town,
her, and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her, and jog her,
And meet her, and treat her,
kiss with two Guinea's, and all's your o'



A Song. On Young Olinda.





When Innocence, and Beauty meet,
To add to Lovely Female Grace,
how beyond Expression sweet
every Feature of the Face :

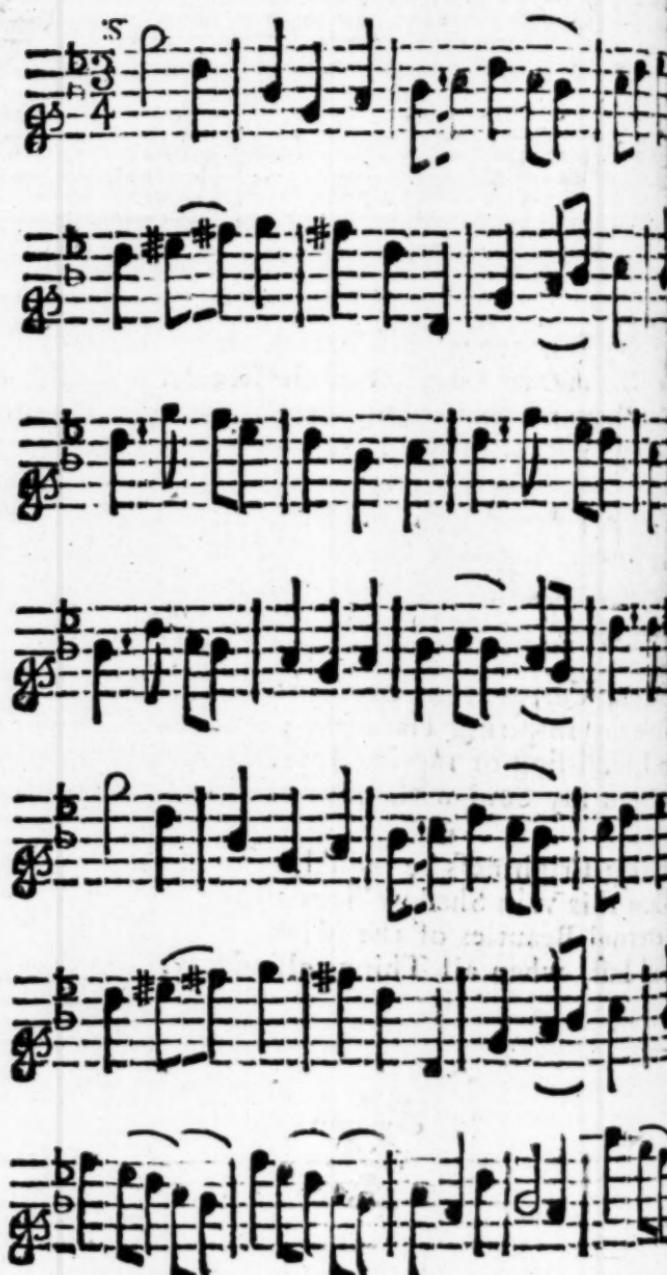
Vertue, ripened from the Bud,
the flower Angelick Odours breeds,
fragrant Charms of being good,
makes gawdy Vice to smell like Weeds.

Sacred Vertue, tune my Voice,
With thy inspiring Harmony ;
then I shall sing of rapturing Joys,
Will fill my Soul with Love of thee.

lasting Brightness be refin'd,
When this vain Shadow flies away,
Eternal Beauties of the Mind
Will last, when all Things else decay.



An ODE on Musidora, walking in the S
Garden. The Tune by Mr. Croft.





, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
And the blooming Trees,
en into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,
we meet there, the Nightingales sing pretty Tales,
aking my Dear for the Goddess *Aurora*,

Jessamines and Roses,

A thousand pretty Poses,

The Summer's Queen discloses,

And strews as she walks.

Venus, oh, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
the blooming Trees,
en into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*,
n, Devotion, she gains with each Motion,
too, and Flutes too, are heard when she talks.
Venus, oh, how sweet are the cooling Breez,
the blooming Trees,
n into his Bower Love guides *Musidora*.

*A Farewel to the Town.**A New SONG.*

Farewel the Towns ungrateful Noise,
Hurry, Strife, that damps all Joys,
Where Reason proud Ambition blinds,
Frenzy of unquiet Minds,

Ease and Pleasure,

Blest with Leisure,

In sweet Groves my Choice shall be,

Celio smiling,

Time beguiling,

Dear Content's a World to me.

Late manag'd Peace does nought avail,

Lawyers bawl, and Parsons rail,

A Friend against a Friend must be,

And darling Brothers disagree;

Yet their Stories,

Whiggs and Tories,

Both would change did gain appear,

Charming Graces

In a Place is

Of a thousand Pound a Year.

Great Pan has left his foreign Powers,

Where Peace sat smiling crown'd with Flowers,

To govern Albion's stubborn Flocks,

Whose Hearts are harder than their Rocks;

He that's Royal

Loves all Loyal

Hearts like mine, from Treason free,

Peace when lasting,

Love ne'er wasting,

Is a World to him and me.

Oh, State and Glory unconfin'd,

Thou burning Feaver of the Mind,

I, midst the Grandeur thou dost bear,

In Content more blest appear;

Flowers when springing,

Birds when singing,

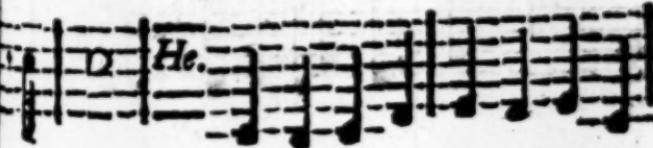
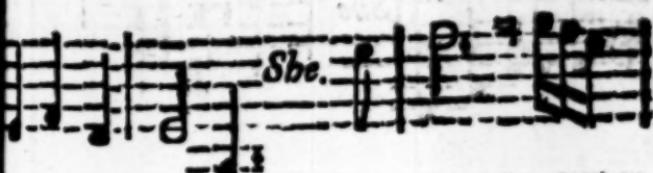
In my Rural Shade I see,

Plots ne'er making,

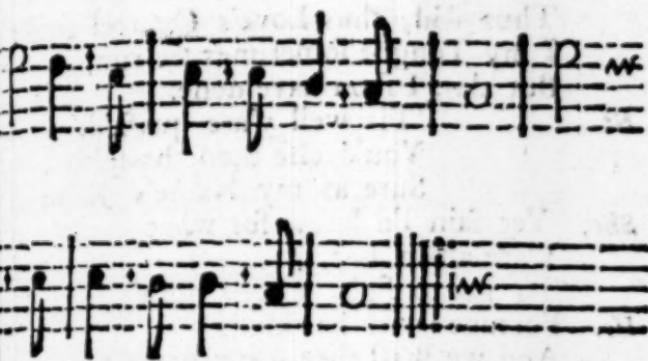
Heart ne'er aking,

Dear Content's a World to me.

logue in the Kingdom of the Birds, to
famous Cebell of Signior Baptist Lally.







O Ray now John let Jug prevail,
Doff thy Sword and take a Flail,
Wounds and Blows, with scorching Heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get,
Zooks y're mad, ye simple Jade,
Egone and don't prate;
How think ye I shall do with Hob and Sue,
And all our Brats, when wanting you:
When I am rich with Plunder,
Thou my Gain shalt share, Jug,
My Share will be but small, I fear,
When bold Dragoons have been pickering there,
And the Flea flints, the Germans strip 'em bare.

Mind your Spinning,
Mend your Linnen;
Look to your Cheese too,
Your Piggs and your Geese too:
No, no, I'll ramble out with you;
Blood and Fire,
If you tire,
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations, and Narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping
Is the fatal Word, Joan;
Do, do, I'm good at thumping too,
Marbleau, that Huff shall never do.

Sho.

- She.* Come, come John, let's busis and be Fri
Thus still, thus Love's Quarrel ends;
I my Tongue sometimes let run,
But alas, I soon have done.
- He.* 'Tis well y're quash'd,
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my Name's John:
- She.* Yet fain I'd know for what
Y'are all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.
- He.* Fortune will be kind,
And we shall then grow great too;
- She.* Grow Great,
Yet want both Drink and Meat,
And Coin, unless the pamper'd French y
Ah, take care John, take care,
And learn more Wit.
- He.* Dare you prate still,
At this rate still,
And like a Vermin,
Grudge my Preferment;
- She.* You'll beg, or get a wooden Leg,
- He.* Nay if Bawling, Caterwawling,
Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
Still must Rattle,
I'll be gone, and straight aboard,
- She.* Do, do, and so shall Hob and Sue,
Jugg too, and all the ragged Crew.



Play-house Saint ; Or, Phillis unmask'd.

A New BALLAD.

NEar famous Covent-Garden
A Dome there stands on high ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Where Kings are represented,
And Queens in Metre dye ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
The Beaus and Men of Busines
Diversions hither bring,
To hear the wanton Doxies prate,
And see 'em dance and sing ;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Here Phillis is a Darling,
As she her self gives out,
For a fa, la, la, la,
As tight a Lass as ever
Did use a Double Clout,
On her fa, la, la, la, &c.
She's brisk and gay, and cunning,
And wants a Wedlock Yoke,
Her Mother was before her
As good as ever strook
For a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Young Suitors she had many,
From 'Squire, up to the Lord,
For her fa, la, la, la, &c.
And daily she refus'd 'em,
For Vertue was the Word ;
With her fa, la, la, la, &c.
A Saint she would be thought,
And differable all she could,
But jolly Rakes all knew she was
Of Play-house Flesh and Blood,
and her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Hei

P I L L S to Purge Melancholy.

Her Mother when encourag'd
 With warm Geneva Dose,
 And a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Still cry'd, take care dear Philly,
 To keep thy Hanches close,
 And this fa, la, la, la, &c.
 This made her stand out stoutly,
 Opposing all that come,
 Though twenty Demi-Cannon
 Still were mounted at her Bum,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

The Knight and Country Squire
 Were shot with her Disdain,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The Lawyer was outwitted,
 The hardy Soldier slain,
 By her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 The bluff Tarpolian Sailor
 In vain cry'd hard a Port,
 She buffled Shirks at Sea,
 As the Country, Town, and Count
 With her fa, la, la, la, &c.

The God of Love grown angry,
 That Phillis seem'd so shy,
 Of her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Resolv'd her Pride to humble,
 And rout her pish and fie ;
 He sent a splayfoot Taylor,
 Who knew well how to stitch,
 And in a little time had found
 A Button for her Britch,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.

Yet was it not so close,
 But 'tis known without all Doubt,
 With a fa la, la, la, &c.
 A little humane Figure
 Has secretly dropp'd out,
 From her fa, la, la, la, &c.

And tho' some petty Scandal
 Pursue this Venial Fault,
 Her Mother she swears Zoons and C——t
 Her Honour is intact,
 And her fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Oh Phillis, then be wise,
 And give Ease to Lover's rack'd,
 For your fa, la, la, la, &c.
 Let Coyness be abated,
 You know the Pitcher's crack'd,
 By a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 For shame, let lowly Taylors
 No more your Love trapan,
 Since nine of 'em, you know 'tis said,
 Can hardly make a Man ;
 With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

SONG, in my Comedy of the Marriage Hater
 Set by Mr. Henry Purcell. The
 same to be found prick'd in his Orph. Britt.

Soon as the Chasor was turn'd into Form,
 And the first Race of Men knew a Good from a
 They quickly did joyn (Harm,
 In a Knowledge divine,
 The World's chiefest Blessings were Women and
 when by Example, improving Delights, (Wine :
 governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights ;
 Love on then, and drink,
 'Tis a Folly to think
 in a Mystery out of our Reaches ;
 Be moral in Thought,
 To be merry's no Fault,
 No' an Elder the contrary preaches ;
 For never my Friends,
 Never, never my Friend,
 never my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
 when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools
 (would seem wise.

The Queen's Health: Or, New Gillian of Croydon,
The Remarks of three Folly Lasses over-telle,
on the present Affairs, and News.

Fame loudly thro' Europe passes,
 And sounds of many a Wound and Bruise
 Once more ther't Croydon Lasses
 Were met to settle the foreign News,
 The same that the Healths began,
 In Master Willy's late Reign,
 Brown Nelly, black Joan, and Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian, young Gillian, plump Gillian, bold Gillian
 Croydon, fill a new Glaist cry'd Gillian of Croydon
 Here's to our new Mistress Nan.

What ails this mad Bavary,
 Crys Nell, Old Nick's in that beaten Duke,
 For playing a strange Vagary,
 For which he lately had found Rebuke;
 And they'll ferret him in the Ban,
 Let the Bishop relieve if he can,
 A Brace of false Loons, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, blunt Gillian, jolly Gillian
 Croydon, let 'em be damn'd, cry'd Gillian of Croydon
 Fill round to our Mistress Nan.

Nell dress'd as sprunt as a Daizy,
 Cry'd, what a Plague ails our King of Spain,
 That getting Ground he's so lazy,
 And what's become of brave Prince Eugene?
 Who the Marshall you know did trapan,
 And snapt like a Frog by a Swan;
 'Twill ne'er be forgot, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
 Gillian of Croydon, Gillian, pert Gillian, merry Gillian
 Croydon, take off your Glaist, cry'd Gillian of Croydon
 A Bumper to Mistress Nan.

Hums our Health may wish too,
fav'd their Herrings with Pain and ToyL
d we not cook'd their Fish so,
ir Butter all had been turn'd to Oyl;
l pawn all the Things in my Room,
o welcome the General home,
my best Smocks, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
of Croydon, Gillian, blunt Gillian, frolick Gillian
don, but the mean time, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
round to our Mistress Nan.

Lewis, for all his Incomes,
Nell, now finds that his Hands are full,
d Queen too has got the Crincums,
her Advices now prove but Dull;
hen hey for the Squabble in Spain,
hen both the Boys meet on the Plain,
Dog and fight Bear, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
ot Croydon, Gillian, stout Gillian, shrew'd Gillian
don, brim it then round, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
Life to our Mistress Nan.

sterling of foreign Matters,
top'd till Civil Wars broke at home,
ping her Liquor scatters,
Nelly hiccupping calls her Mome,
en told her of Robin and John,
l strait the Quoif tearing began;
wo drunken Jades, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
of Croydon, Gillian, fly Gillian, bowzy Gillian of
but to make Friends, cry'd Gillian of Croydon,
more to our Mistress Nan.



A New Scotch SONG. The Tune by Mr. C.
Within the Compass of the Flute.





AD Loons of *Albany*, what is't you do ?
 You'll find your wrangling, and your jangling,
 Playing aw the Foo ;
 why dee heed the *Mounfieur's* wily Tales ?
 ague your Noddles to bring in the Prince of *Wales*.
 r Pates than yours have laid Succession right,
 aw the bonny Highlanders for that should fight ;
 Unite then as one Man,
 And leave what you began,
 ang to *Kirk*, and beg long Life for geud Queen *Ann*.

aided *Portugals*, our Allie true,
 Our High and Mighty,
 Friends to right ye,
 Will send *Quots*'s too,
 oyn'd in muckle Power the *French* pursue ;
 Feth 'tis fit the doughty Scot should do so too.
 abals no more than let your Bosoms swell,
 ng with Joy, for glorious things have late besel,
 Nor raise the jarring Vein,
 Who shall hereafter Reign,
 ang to *Kirk*, and beg long Life for geud Queen *Ann*.

A New SONG.

Made in honour of the Worthby Society of Archers
meeting the 11th of January, Anno 1711.
By T. D'Urfe. The Words made to a
Tune; She turns up her silver Hair.

O F all noble Sports
Us'd in Country or Court,
For our Health or our true Delight,
The Wise have confess'd
That an Archer's is best,
As 'tis also the noblest Sight;
He firmly does stand,
And looks like a Man,
When the Shaft strongly drawn does go:
Drink away then my Boys,
And to heighten our Joys,
Sing in praise of the brave long Bow.

Britain's Father's did chuse,
E'er damn'd Guns were in use,
With this Weapon to end their Frays;
Fam'd Agin Court,
Shews at this Royal Sport,
How we conquer'd in Henry's Days;
The Monsieur was maw'l'd,
And the English extoll'd,
From the Thames to the Gallick Sein:
And were Guns laid aside,
And our Archers were try'd,
We are sure we could do't again.

Health that we gain to our Body and Brain,
To the World has been clearly shewn;
Who e'er can say,
He that shoots e'ry Day,
Has the Strangury, Gout, or Stone?
He firmly does stand, &c.

A DIRGE.

in the First Part of Don Quixote by a
Shepherd and Shepherdess. Set by Mr. Eales.

Sleep, sleep poor Youth, sleep, sleep in Peace,
Reliev'd from Love, and mortal Care,
lest we that pine in Life's Disease,
certain, blest less happy are.

Sleep in the dark and silent Grave,
Ills of Fate thou now canst fear,
in would Tyrant Power enslave,
scornful Beauty be severe.

that do fatal Storms disperse,
from thy happy Mansion keep,
quakes that shake the Universe,
let rock thee into founder Sleep.

all the Charms of Peace possest,
ure from Life's Tormentor, Rain,
and indulge thy self with Rest,
dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

As is the Fear of future Doubt,
The Sun is from the Dint gone,
the Sands are sunk, the Glass is out,
The Folly of the Farce is done,
the Folly of, &c.

A Satyr, or Ditty upon the jarring of the
East-India C—ys.



ONE Morn as lately musing,
 I went to the City to Poll,
 Where Members then were a chusmg,
 I chanc'd to take up a Scrawl;
 A stinging Jest by my Soul,
 It afterwards happen'd to be,
 For the first Words as I unrould
 Were, *Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.*

Tho' the Author's Brains did ramble,
 The Sence was poynant and strong,
 I soon found by the Preamble,
 'Twas made of the Trading Throng,
 That to *East India* belong,
 As by the matter you'll see,
 For the Burthen still of the Song
 Was, *Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.*

Their golden Bags increasing,
 The Old Company purse proud grew,
 'Till at last two Million raising,
 Some others set up a New:
 And they were for Trafficking too,
 And cheating by Land and by Sea,
 And swore they'd t'other undo,
 Come agree, *ye rich Cuckolds, agree.*

Resolv'd to be thought thrifly,
 They got Subscriptions like mad,
 Some wrote Ten Hundred and Fifty,
 A Thousand more than they had:
 I thought 'em bewitch'd be gad,
 Or that I some Vision did see,
 But the Old to truckle they made;
 Come agree, *ye rich Cuckolds, agree.*

A thousand Rogues and Cheaters,
 In Cornhill, you'd hear them call,
 The Tories, and the Tub-Meeters,
 That roosted near Leadenhall.

PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

Oh how Cheapside too did bawl
 At those in the Poulterey,
 For shame, leave acting your Droll,
And agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

To the Senate then with Vigour,
 The Old soon after address'd,
 Tho' half were chous'd by the Tyger,
 That wondrous politick Beast.
 The whilst the unfortunate Rest,
 In course outvoted must be,
 Was ever known such a Jest,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Tho' baulk'd by this Digression,
 Yet moving another Spring,
 They made amends the next Session,
 And clearly carried the Thing :
 To Court their Case then they bring,
 And Reverence made on the Knee,
 But the Answer got from the K—
Was, Agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

Tho' kept a while at Distance,
 Yet least they should totally drop,
 They got a legal Existence,
 And then were strait cock-a-hoop :
 But when the New ones did stoop,
 The t'other as huffing would be,
 For now again they got up,
Come agree, stubborn Cuckolds, agree.

The New with false, sham Storys,
 Of which each Noddle was full,
 Equip'd Sir W. N—
 An Envoy to the Mogul :
 And he did the Colony fool,
 With Tydings that never will be,
 Were e'er Stockjobbers so dull,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

The Old that knew this Passage,
And what Commission he bore,
A jolly Lad, with a Message,
To contradict it sent o'er:
Another Packet he wore,
Five Hundred Pounds was his Fee,
It should have been as much more,
Come agree to that, Mizers, agree.

Ye jarring Powers that rule us,
What foolish doings are here?
Whilst these two Factions fool us,
No honest Man can appear,
No Major be chose for the Year,
But that some Trick in't will be;
Nor Knight can stand for the Shire,
Come agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.

What hopes to have free Senates,
Whilst you are playing this Game,
And bribe the Boors and Tenants
Thro' Spite, each other to tame:
The Church too, Faith, has a Maime,
Whilst Whiggs, and High Tories there be;
Reform, reform then for shame,
And agree, ye rich Cuckolds, agree.



A SONG in my Comedy, call'd the Bath
the Western Lass. Set by Mr. Jeremy C.
Sung by Mrs. Lucas.





Lord! what's come to my Mother,
That every Day more than other,
true Age she would smother,
And says I'm not in my Teens ;
my Sampler I've sown too,
Bib and my Apron out-grown too,
quite away thrown too,
I wonder what 'tis she means ;
en our John does squeeze my Hand,
And calls me sugar sweet,
My Breath almost fails me,
I know not what ails me,
Heart does so heave and so beat.

We heard of Desires,
in Girls that have just been of my Years,
e compar'd to sweet Bryers,
That hurts, and yet does please :
ove finer than Money,
can it be sweeter than Honey,
poor Girl such a Toney,
Evads that I cannot gues,
I'm sure I'll watch more near,
re's something that Truth will shew,
For if Love be a Blessing,
To please beyond Kissing,
Jane and our Butler does know.

A SONG in praise of Soldierie, sung in
Quixote, and set to Musick by Mr. R.
Purcell, which is compos'd in his Op.
Britannicus.

Sing, sing all ye Muses, your Lutes strike and
When a Souldier's the Story, what Tongue can
Who Danger disdains,
Wounds, Bruises, and Pains,
And the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains
Rich Profit comes easy in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do
Yet see how they run
At the storming a Town,
Thro' Blood, and thro' Fire, to take the Half,
They scale the high Wall,
Whence they see others fall,
Their Heart's precious darling, bright Glory pur
Tho' Death's under foot, and the Mine is just blow
It springs, up they fly,
Yet more will supply,
As Bridegrooms to marry, they hasten to die,
'Till Fate claps her Wings,
And the glad Tydings brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they're all
Then happy's she, whose Face
Can win the Soldier's Grace,
They range about in State
Like Gods, disposing Fate.
No Luxury in Peace,
Nor Pleasure in Excess,
Can parallel the Joys the Martial Heroes crown,
When flush'd with Rage, and forc'd by Want,
(Storm a wealthy T

The PEROQUETTE.

O P E R O Q U E T T E ; occasion'd by the seeing a very beautiful one, belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester; with a small Remark on his Lordship's fine Seat at Penshurst.

(S) ELL mayst thou prate with mirthful Cheer,
And pick thy plamy green,
in delightful Penshurst here,
at feated like a Queen.

call'ſt upon a Widow oft,
o' few of them are known;
Look ſo sweet, and Touch ſo soft,
at Creature, as thy own.

too in Groves, and Gardens fair,
Old, the Sylvan Gods,
m'd with Breeze of fragrant Air,
ontriv'd Divine Abodes.

ters, *sic siti*, * may express,
offeſ'd with Fancy vain,
u, only in thy Bower of Bliss,
hat Phrase canſt well maintain.

* *Sic siti letantur Lares.*

A SONG, occasion'd by the speedy Addition
two Million, made to the Bank of Great Britain,
Sung in the Modern Prophets.



Oranien looks pale, and Anjou quakes,
Weakly stands the Thrones they sit on,
is Versailles, th' Escorial shakes,
aring of the Bank of Britain.

Storms to think the Foe,
ead of sinking down grows stronger,
u, says he, their Millions grow,
s in vain to fight 'em longer.

In K. of Spain, I crown'd young Philz,
d to fix him made such Offers,
, thought I, the Bullion will
be cram'd now in my Coffers :
these Bougers drink and whore,
d riot on each small Occasion,
yet begar will ne'er be poor,
Grand Diable's in the Nation.

Spanish Indies I possess,
t they bear a Purse above me,
that I no Bank can raise,
ews how well my People love me?
er grand Success is gone,
ges, Ghent, and Lisse is taken,
whilst my Capital's my own,
make Peace, and save my Bacon.





The fond Keeper's RELAPSE:

A New SONG.

Inscrib'd to all whom it may concern: The
made to a pretty Play-house Tune, call'd, Poll.

Celadon the gay,
In the merry, merry Month of May,
When the gawdy Flowers enamell'd lay,
Was with Celia walking,
She to move
Talk'd of Love,
What could prove
Fitter for the Season, or the Team of talking;
Celadon was angry, you may guess,
He return'd no amorous Look nor Kiss,
But thus teas'd pretty Miss,
But thus, &c.

Go Seducer, go—
Let the World no more my Folly know,
Nor let odious Names of Miss and Beau
Shame succeeding Ages;
Haft away,
Nothing say,
I'll go pray,
Reason now at Folly past my Soul enrages:
I have been your Cully, Slave and Beast,
Thrown away ten Thousand Pound at least,
On pretty, pretty Miss,
On pretty, &c.

Brocadoes so fine,
never did so gayly shine,
luxurious Flasks of Cyprus Wine
Swallow'd at our feasting ;
Curse on Pride,
Let's divide,
I a Bride

resolve on chusing, thus a Joy more lasting :
you have drain'd my Purse, and rais'd my Sins,
have given Five Hundred Pound for Pins,
For pretty, pretty Miss,
For pretty, &c.

Well Venus Joys,
my Heart so long did vainly prize,
some Wedlock now to close my Eyes,
Never loud nor craving ;

Skin like Snow,
Eyes like Sloe,
And will go
to Ilicoe, or lowly Chinse, to be more saving :
Can there any Life compare with this ?
But methinks I long for one more Kiss
From pretty, pretty Miss,
From pretty Miss, &c.

improve the Mood,
like a Fool he gazing stood,
At first, then turning up her Hood,
Runs in t' embrace him ;

Young and fly,
Had by th' By,
I'en scay quoy,
Sacrifice that never, never fails careffing :
Soon was now forgot the Wedlock Bliss,
He that was subdu'd with one false Kiss
Went home with pretty Miss,
With pretty, pretty Miss,

*The first SONG to a Minuet of Don Quixote
in the first Act.*



IF you will love me, be free in expressing it,
And henceforth give me no cause to complain.
Or if you hate me, be plain in confessing it,
And in few Words put me out of my Pain.
This long delaying, with sighing and praying,
Breeds only decaying in Life and Amour,
Cooing and wooing,
And daily pursuing,
Is dama'd silly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

I'll propose a kind Method of ruling me,
 may return to my Duty again ;
 If you stick to your old way of fooling me,
 will be plain, I'm none of your Men ;
 on for Passion on each kind Occasion,
 free Inclination does kindle Love's Fire,
 But tedious prating,
 Coy folly debating,
 new Doubts creating still make it expire.

Lady's Answer. The second Song to a Miser, at the Duke's Entertainment of Don Quixote in the first Act.

[To the same Tune.]

O U love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
 Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art,
 like a Fencer you cunningly parry me,
 at the same time make a Pass at my Heart.

Fye, fye deceiver,
 No longer endeavour,
 think this way ever the Fort will be won ;
 No fond carefless
 Must be, nor unlacing,
 tender embracing, 'till th' Parson has done.

We say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
 sealing their Humours to rail at their Wives ;
 others declare it an Ape with a Rattle is,
 Comfort's Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives :

Some are affirming,
 A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
 yet with the Bait tho' not Prison agree,
 Ventrug that chouse you
 Must let me espouse you,
 'er my dear Mouse you will nibble at me.

LOVE

LOVE and SATYR

A New SONG.





When Phœbus does rise, the Flow'rs raise their Heads,
And charm'd by his Influence, smile o'er the Meads,
Celia's bright Eyes with kindness meet mine,
Hopes and new Raptures, my Joys make divine.
Though we sing, the Hours fly with Pleasure,
As abroad we care not to know,

In Youth at our Leisure,

Loves happy Treasure,

Makes Blessings flow,

And averse to Brawlings of High-Church and Low.

Ye Wits of the Town,

Ye Chiefs of the Gown,

Law-making Sages that flatter the Crown,

How dare you address?

How can you profess?

Honour your Sovereign, yet still make her less,

As Factions reign of Whigg and of Tory,

Zeal's a Banter to all Men of Sence;

'Tis Gain moves your Fury,

And not her Glory,

Nor our Defence,

The solemn Word, Religion, is merely Pretence.

The

The Second Movement.

No Feuds desiring,
From Town retiring,
Let's hast then, and share in the flourishing Bloom
Where Noise and Cares never come,
Nor the jarring
Of National warring,
That yearly is plaguing all Christendom.



The Willoughby WHIM.

A Scotch SONG.

DIALOGUE between two Sisters:

OH Jenny, Jenny, where hast thou been?
Father and Mother are seeking for thee,
You have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
Keeping of Jockey Company.

Oh Molly, I've been to hear Mill clack,
And grind Grist for the Family,
Full as it went I've brought home my Sack,
For the Miller has tooke[n] his Toll of me.

You hang your Smickets abroad to bleach,
When that was done, where could you be?
I slipt down in the quickset Hedge,
An' Jockey the Loon fell after me.

My Father you told you'd go to Kirk,
When Prayers were done, where could you be?
Taking a Kiss of the Parson and Clerk,
And of other young Laddys some two or three.

Oh Jenny, Jenny, what wilt thou do,
If Belly should swell, where wilt thou be?
Look to your self for Jockey is true,
And whilst Clapper goes will take care of me.

The SONG of Orpheus charming the
Beasts, Trees, &c. to follow him: Sung in
Kingdom of the Birds. Set to the Tune of
the Czar.



PILLS to Purge Melancholy.

171



I 2

Groves and Woods, high Rocks and Mountains,
 Springs and Floods, clear Brooks and Fountains,
 Birds and Beasts that range with Pleasure,
 Hear, hear the Charm of my Voice,
 Make hast and appear to dance a gay Measure,
 And *Phæbus* please with Nature, and Arts valu'd treat
 Haft and see that no Sluggard refuses:
Flora delightful as blushing *Aurora*,
 To banish the Pest of *Pandora*,
 I summon thy Jessamine and Roses,
 Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Poesies,
 Come away when I sing and play,
 No Creature in Nature
 Be late here, but wait here,
 From *Vulcan's* hot Bellows,
 Air *Neptune* and *Tellus*,
 The Thrushes from Bushes,
 And Prickets from Thickets,
 Come whisk it and frisk it,
 And skip it and trip it,
 In honour of Love and the Muses.

The first SONG in the Modern Prophet
Sung by Mr. Pack.





WE London Valets all are Creatures,
No Modern Beau can live without,
so tho' the Devil be in our Natures,
Divinely bring Intrigues about:

We wait, we run, cajole each Dun,
 Who threatens with the Laws Disasters,
 In Taverns snore, on Bench 'till four,
 Then bring the Miss for Morning Bliss,
 And often snack her with our Masters,
 And often snack her with our Masters.

At Seasons when the Senate's sitting,
 We mimick each Law-maker there,
 Without Doors those within outwitting,
 And aft the Speaker in the Chair;
 With Votes and Pleas,
 And Means and Ways,
 We ape the Legislative Jurys,
 At th'end o'th' Day
 We see a Play,
 There full of Ale
 The Gallery scale,
 And roar, and clatter like the Furys.

Oft-times by Order 'tis our Duty,
 To go to the Play-house and take Rooms,
 There cheek by jole we sit with Beauty,
 And out-do clearly all Perfumes,
 Or if no Play
 Will please that Day,
 We're hurried strait to *Hide-Park Corner*,
 There Crambo sing
 Of all the Ring,
 What wanton Wives
 Lead Modish Lives;
 And who's the Cuckold, who's the Horner.



The Bell ASSEMBLY,

ODE, occasion'd by K. William's entertaining the Ladies at Court every Wednesday.
The Words made to a pretty New Ayre.

OR too many past Years with Belonia's Alarms,
Has poor England been made a meer stranger to Bliss,
the Goddes of concord now spreads her soft Charms,
And new Gallantry shews us the Fruits of a Peace ;

Mighty William fast binds
The Hearts of both Kinds,
her Sex so oblig'd makes his Foes turn his Friends ;
When our Land he releas'd,
Then all Mankind he eas'd,
now far greater reigns, since the Ladies are pleas'd.

the Offspring of Light new adorning the Night,
ththeir glittering Blaze make the Firmament bright,
the Nymphs shon so gay on great Naffau's Birth-day,
Apollo been there, had out-dazled each Ray,

Which the Sovereign so fir'd,
He nobly desir'd,
shew how Love and Beauty Valour inspir'd,
And tho' Glory in view,
He like Cesar purfue,
t he could, when he pleas'd, be Mark-Anthony too.

he fam'd Macedon, that the World overran
With the Terour of Arms, and his Wonders in Fight,
en the Ladies came down his new triumphs to crown,
y their Beauty subdu'd gave a Loose to Delight ;

All the Toyls of past Days
great Mars of the Battle unarms him and plays,
Court Gallantry own'd,
Jolly Revels went round,
the Captives late sorrow new pleasure soon drown'd.

A SONG on a dressing-Fop, in the 3d Act
Modern Prophets. The Tune by Dr. C.



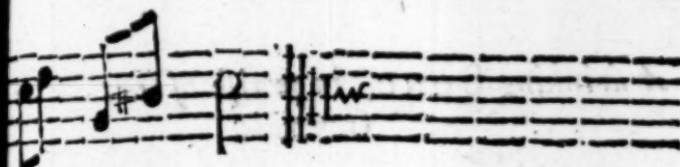


te a Fop that at his Glass,
Stands prinking half the Day,
With a fallow frowzy olive colour'd Face,
And a powder'd Peruke hanging to his Waft,
So with ogling imagines to possess,
So shew his Shape does cringe and scrape;

But nothing has to say ;
Or if the Courtship's fine,
He'll only cant and whine,
And in confounded Poetry,
He'll Goblins make divine ;
I love the bold and brave,
I hate the fawning Slave,
That quakes and crys,
And sighs and lyes,
Yet wants the Skill,
With Sence to tell,
It 'tis he longs to have.

A SONG, Sung by Mr. Leveridge in
Comedy call'd, The Country Miss with
Furbelow.





ladon, when Spring came on,
Woo'd *Sylvia* in a Grove,
gay and young, and still he sung
the sweet Delights of Love :
He had Joys in Girls and Boys,
And pretty Chat of this and that,
honey kiss, and charming Bliss
that crowns the Marriage Bed ;
She catch'd her Hand, she blush'd and fann'd,
and seem'd as if afraid,
Dear, she crys, your fawning Lyes,
I've vow'd to die a Maid.

at that began
to talk of Apes in Hell,
what was worse the odious Curse,
of growing old and stale,
of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
and offers kind, when none will mind,
rosie Joy, and sparkling Eye,
own faded and decay'd,
which when known, she chang'd her Tone,
and to the Shepherd said,
Swain give o'er, I'll think once more,
fore I'll die a Maid.



A drinking SONG, in praise of our Three Generals.



QUE chaquin remplisse son verre,
Pour boire a nos trois Generaux,
Par tout ou marchent ces Heros,
Ils menent a pres eux la victoire,
Que chacun remplisse son verre,
Pour boire a nous trois Generaux.

Que jamais Brille dans l'histoire
La Glorie du brave Marlborough ;
Que jamais, &c.
Auxson des verres et des Pots,
Celebrons ici sa victoire ;
Que jamais, &c.

vons a se Grand Capitaine
et gene, l'amour des ces Soldats;

Buvons, &c.

Il tost qu'il paroit au Combat,
tjours le victoire est certain;

Buvons a se, &c.

D'Auverquerque en pleinetaffe,
u'on fasse raison pour ces exploits;

A D'Auverquerque, &c.

Il n'est pas la premier des trois,
Zele aucun nelny surpasse;

A D'Auverquerque, &c.

Que chacun devous a la ronde,
Reponde et fasse comme moi;

Que chacun, &c.

Cest a la Reine que je bois,
elle reigner sur tout le monde;

Que chacun, &c.

Le pretendu Prince de Galle,
de Batte soy disant notre Roi;

Le pretendu, &c.

Comme en Eccoſſe en diſerroy,
uis d'une Ardeur sans Eſgale;

Le Pretendu, &c.

Nous Amions autant la Glorie,
qua boire nous ferrions des Heroes;

Si nous, &c.

Car parmis les verres le Pots,
us sommes feurs de la victoire;

Si non, &c.

Translated from the French.

Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our three Generals Healths at large,
For wherefo'er these Heroes march,
Conquest renown'd is sure t'attend 'em ;
Fill every Glass, and recommend 'em,
We'll drink our Three Generals Healths at large.

What ever shone so bright in Story
As Fame, that adorns brave Marlborough ;
What ever shone, &c.

Shocking our Glasses that o'erflow,
Celebrate then his lasting Glory ;
What ever shone, &c.

Drink next then to that Grand Commander
Eugene, the Delight of all the Brave ;
Drink next, &c.

Who laurel Wreaths is sure to bear,
Where e'er he comes, like Alexander,
Drink next, &c.

To Auverquerque exalt your Glasses,
And just to his Valour let us be,
To Auverquerque, &c.

Who tho' not youngest of the Three,
For brave Exploits there's few surpasses ;
To Auverquerque, &c.

But now around Boys, Joy maintaining,
Fill, fill 'em like mine up to the Brink ;
But now around, &c.

Health to the Glorious Queen I drink,
Let her o'er all the Globe be reigning,
But now, &c.

the Pretender Prince of W—
Prig, they sent o'er to be our K—

The sham, &c.

in the bold Scots own'd no such thing,
like a Devil home to Gallia;

The sham, &c.

Did we love Honour's kind Careless,
or hoping we all Heroes should be;

Did we love, &c.

'mongst our Cups perpetually,
would be sure of grand Successes;

Did we love, &c.

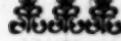
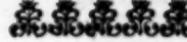
Solemn LOVER. A NEW SONG, made
entertain the Persons of Quality, and other
Friends at my Play. The Words made to
pretty Minuet, Compos'd by Mr. Hendell.

WHEN the Spring in Glory,
Fragrant and flowery,
had thrust Winter out, storming and showery,
Celladon gallanting
Celia, was chanting
pleasent Tale of his Fortunes past;
Ah! my dearest Pleasure,
Joy beyond Measure,
greater than all the Jems of India's Teeasure;
When alluring Beauty
Prostrates my Duty,

Ah,,

Ah, then I own my self wholly blest ;
 State Affair Simplicity
 Has my Felicity,
 Robb'd to a high Degree of sweet Delight,
High, Low, jangling all in a hurry,
 Nothing witty, nothing gay,
 Politicks rule e'ry Day,
 Nor can the dear Bottle relieve the Night.

He to Court that wanders
 Walks in Meanders,
 Treading the Maez of Detraction and Slander;
 In the Hall the News is
 Hot from both Houses,
 Some Statesman snapt to his Tryal comes,
 Coffee Citts do prattle,
 Smoak, Tope, and Tattle,
 Telling a foreign Lye of some great Battle,
 Of the Czar's prevailing,
 Who we taught Sailing,
 And gave a Rod to lash all our Bums,
 Poland's Ability,
 Prussia's Hostility,
 Make no Account of bold Sweden's Frowns,
 War, War, regale the Glory Lover,
 Let but my *Celia* be mine,
 Happiness I'll ne'er resign,
 Or change for the State of the Northern Crowns.



The Jolly Miller.



THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daug
To grind her Grift quickly, and so return b
The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months u
Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack ;
Young Robⁱⁿ so pleas'd her, that when she came l
She gap'd like a stuck Pigg, and star'd like a Mo
She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and ho
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Was ever Maiden so lericompoo'd.

Oh Nelly, cry'd Celle, thy Cloths are all mealy,
Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap now and slabber, why what a pox ail
I'll go to the Miller, and know all ye Whore:
She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
She came cutting Capers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she hollow'd and whoo
And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hoy, were ever two Sisters so lericompoo'd.

Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
w'd fain know the Cause they so jigg'd it about,
till her Wishes long would not incumber,
in the old manner the Secret found out.

Celie and Nelly, and Mary the mild,
just about Harvest Time all big with Child,
lanc'd in the Hay, they hallow'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,
were ever three Sisters so lericompoo'd.

hen they were big they did stare at each other,
crying, Oh Sisters, what shall we now do,
our young Bantlings we have but one Father,
they in one Month will all come to Town too :
did we run in such hast to the Mill,
in, who always the Toll Dish would fill,
upt up our Bellies, then hallow'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,
were ever three Sisters so lericompoo'd.

A New SONG.

in Honour of the Renown'd Prince Eugene
Savoy, and to welcome him to England.

The Words made to a pretty Tune.

NOW is the Sun
From the Horizon gone,
the Empire so long did cheer,
Weak stands the Court
Without wonted Support,

We

We have got the main Pillar here:
 To Sea from the Shoar
 Let loud Cannons roar,
 Let the Trumpet too sound between,
 Whilst from each British Voice
 We are venting our Joys,
 In honour of great Eugene.

Hail mighty Prince,
 Whose bright Glory from hence
 Soon will spread o'er the wandring Isle,
 You we possess,
 Should we ne'er see your Face,
 Who remember Turin and Lisse:
 Your Twin, Brother Star,
 The Soul of the War,
 Bright as Phœbus was always seen,
 For search all Europe o'er,
 Never Heroes before
 Shone like Marlborough and great Eugene.

Each Day and Night,
 To promote your Delight,
 Let the Muses their Art employ;
 Janglings are guest
 From the Dome in the West,
 That I wish may not curb your Joy;
 Jarrs have long while
 Been the Plague of our Isle,
 The Effects of our Wealth and Spleen;
 May they fly like the Wind,
 And let all be enclin'd
 To sing Welcome to Great Eugene.



CHANSON en Francois.

printemps, r'apelle aux armes, Couler mes larmes ;
printemps, r'apelle aux armes, ah quel tourment,
Dieu parmis, sans d'allarmes, epargnez mon
s'mant bis.

ne point encore Charmante Flora,
nevenez point encore tendre Zephire,
fleur qu'on voit eclore,
ausser mille soupirs.

aint l' epaix femlage former ruiage,
aint l' epaix femlage cacher le jour,
par ton ombrage le devil,
tendre amour.

Translated from the French.

invites, the Troops are going, let Tears be flowing,
ng invites, the Troops are going, ah, cruel smart,
Midst alarming dreadful harming,
him Fate, who charms my Heart.

bring no more with Pleasure, thy gaudy Treasure,
ire, bring no more with Pleasure, refreshing Joys,
Each Flower growing, sweetly blowing,
ke me vent a thousand Sighs.

Trees, whose gloomy shading, the light invading,
all Trees, whose gloomy shading, the day conceal,
Shew by Sorrow, Night and Morrow,
udy Woes, like those I feel.

The

The Italian SONG,
Call'd Pastorella; made into an Eng.
Dialogue.

He.



Sbe.







Pills to Purge Melancholy.

193

A handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six staves of music. The music is written in common time, with various dynamics like 'Sforzando' (sf.) and 'Heftig' (he.) indicated. The score includes bass, treble, and middle staves, with some staves featuring both treble and bass clefs. Measures 11 through 16 are shown, with measure 11 starting with a bass note followed by a treble note. Measure 12 begins with a bass note and continues with a treble note. Measure 13 starts with a bass note and ends with a treble note. Measure 14 begins with a bass note and ends with a treble note. Measure 15 starts with a bass note and ends with a treble note. Measure 16 begins with a bass note and ends with a treble note.

CHORUS of both.

A single horizontal line representing a musical staff, with several black note heads and stems drawn on it. The notes vary in size and position, suggesting a complex musical phrase or a specific performance style.

K



Blowzabella my bouncing Doxie,
Come let's trudge it to Kirkham Fair,
There's stout Liquor enough to Fox me,
And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.
She. Mind your Matters ye Sot without medl
How I manage the sale of my Toys,
Get by Piping as I do by Pedling,
You need never want me for supplies.
He. God-a-mercy my Sweeting, I find thou think'ſt
To hint by this twitting, I owe thee a Crown
She. Tho' for that I've been staying, a greater D
Your rate of delaying will never Compound.
He. I'll come home when my Pouch is full,
And soundly pay thee all old Arrears;
She. You'll forget it your Fate's so dull,
As by drowsy Neglect appears.
He. May the Drone of my Bag never hum,
If I fail to remember my Blowze;
She. May my Buttocks be ev'ry ones Drum,
If I think thou wilt pay me a Soule.
He. Squeakham, Squeakham, Bag-pipe will ma
Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in;
She. Smoaking, Toping, Landlady groping,
Whores and Scores will spend it again.
He. By the best as I guess in the Town,
I swear thou shalt have e'ry Groat;
She. By the worst that a Woman e'er found,
If I have it will signify nought;

If good Nature works no better,
 Iwzabella I'd have you to know,
 Though you fancy my Stock is so low,
 I've more Rhino than always I show,
 For some good Reasons of State that I know.
 Since your Cheating I always knew,
 For my Ware I got something too,
 I've more Sence than to tell to you.
 Singly then let's employ Wit,
 I'll use Pipe as my gain does hit,
 And If I a new Chapman get,
 You'll be easy too,
 Easy as any wort out Shoo.

[C H O R U S of both.]

and Prolick we'll Couple Gratis,
 we'll show all the Human Race;
 the best of the Marriage State is,
 Iwzabella's and Collin's Cafè.

A Serenading ODE;

Words made to the foregoing Italian Pastorella,
 And bumbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable
 The Earl of FINGALL.

Pastorella, Inspire the Morning,
 Your bright Eyes will create a Day;
 Great Phœbus is just returning,
 Come him back with a brighter Ray,
 Brighter Ray, Ray, each adorer with flaming heart,
 Before thy beauty Divine does kneel;
 Devotion in every part,
 Much stronger than any Persian Zeal.

Arise, then sweet Angel arise,
 A Lover dispairing relieve ;
 Who values a Smile from your Eyes,
 More than all the worlds Treasure can give.

Thus let Man do,
 What he can do, can do, can do ;
 Mighty Love will for ever be,
 Mighty Love will for ever be
 Potent Lord of our Liberty,
 Potent Lord of our Liberty.

Pastorella, let Day break,
 On thy Votary pity take ;
Venus rising from out the Sea,
 Will be foil to thee :
 Charm the World then, and Ravish me,
 Charm the world and Ravish me.

An ODE on Queen AN

The Words Made to an Excel
 Tune of Mr. Henry Purcell.

Sound, Fame thy Golden Trumpet sound,
 Sound, sound thy Golden Trumpet sound ;
 Fly from the Arches of the Firmament,
 Inspire the Muses all around :
 To Sing of Peace and then disperse,
 In Artful numbers and well chosen Verse ;
 Great Albion's Story,
 Great Albion's Glory.

The Occasional BALLAD.

*Supplement to the last, on the Occasional
Ball; And upon the Bishops and Parsons preach-
ing down the Play-houses : The Words fitted to
Comical Tune, call'd Hobb's Wedding.*

Ince long o'er the Town
My Fame has been blown
Sonnets, that suit with each Palate;
Tho' I dare not maintain
Ye Wits, your bold Strain,
add an Occasional Ballad.

For as you were right
In a Satyr to bite,
the Cause was so near Desolation,
So mine is a Theam
Of as great an Extream,
confounding all Wit in the Nation.

But I am, you must know,
Not for High-Church nor Low,
dium, my Intellect chooses;
And some think it wou'd
Do the Nation much good,
all trimm'd like me, in both Houses.

For by moderate Sense,
That can Reason dispense,
Britains are soonest confuted,
As a mild gentle Breez
Still refreshes the Trees,
by wild roring Tempests are rooted.

Calm Wit will prevail
More in a smooth Tale
lashing Reproof, that sounds louder,
Better ways we may use
Oft, to quench a fir'd House,
by blowing up all with Gunpowder.

And therefore my Song
 None o'th' Senate shall wrong,
 Nor I'll ruffle no Collars of Esses,
 But with Royal *Anne*,
 A renown'd happy Reign,
 And a hundred Year more than *Queen Bess*.

No Peers grown too great,
 Nor no *Commons* Wit
 Shall swell up my Lines to the Margent,
 Since the first at their Nod
 Have a swinging black Rod,
 And the last, a rough thing call'd a Serjeant.

No Statesman that rise
 By Publick Employes
 With Offence, here shall trouble the Reader,
 No takers of Bribes,
 Nor potent State Scribes
 Low as Shrubs, or as tall as a Cedar,

I'll not search into Ills
 Of *Occasional Bills*,
 Nor the Gain, or the Loss of the Nation,
 Nor scan the moot Case
 Of the Snake in the Grass,
 Late imagin'd in point of Succession.

Great Ladies at Court
 That make Profit their Sport,
 When lucky at *Ombre* or *Bassett*,
 Who in Benefits swim,
 So well I can trim,
 To wish much Good do her that has it.

Old Dames boasting youth
 Without e'er a tooth,
 And *Bess*, that have Breaths that can Purge ye
 In short, a meer Ape
 That's a Layman shall 'scape,
 But I wont part so fair with the *Clergy*.

A Rabby of which
Who was fated to Preach,
In the Fast-day Ingag'd all our Prayers ;
As his Zeal did provoke,
Gave a terrible stroke,
Knock down the *Poor and Playfri.*

Another Church Wit
Who near Woolpack did sit,
Did a Play too, to prove their vile sinning,
Tho' 'twere better some thought,
That his Lordship had brought,
And *Homily* of his own Penning.

But a Pamphlet late spread
Had charm'd his Wife head,
By one who well knew the Stage evil ;
Some Collier-like Saint,
Who to publish the Cant,
Rank'd a hodg podg for the Devil.

A Jargon of Phrase
Cull'd out of lewd Plays,
Patcht into Form by the vermin ;
Just in such a way
As with dull hum — and ha,
of them use to Patch up a Sermon.

The Tempest long made
And by accident play'd,
It shame them, that made such a pothes ;
Since no one can think,
That's not Mad or in Drink,
use'er done in Contempt of the t'other.

And tho' that abuse
I'll in Canters excuse,
good Music, or Wit never heard on ;
Yet the B — ps those Rocks,
Of our fence Orthodox,
could second such Stuff, I wont Pardon.

They should favour the Age
 That does cherish the Stage,
 Since kind to their Ghostly performance ;
 Rememb'ring late days
 When *Lawn Sleeves*, and Plays,
 Were cry'd down, an equal enormance.

But see the result
 Of their *quicunque vult*,
 Her Majesty made Proclamation ;
 'Twixt the Scenes that none stay,
 That all Bullies should pay,
 And sponge no more for Recreation.

That no Plays be rude
 Immoral or lewd,
 In Betterton's Province or *Riches*,
 All Masque's lay'd away,
 Which is done since that day,
 For now they come mobb'd up like Witches.

All this being obey'd
 Is still of our side,
 Since the Profit is our chiefest matter ;
 But of all that have been,
 The commands of the Queen,
 She has not forbid us our Satyr.

Which is a new * Cafe [* Doyley's
 We may properly raise, late try'd]
 Where a Gown-man did furnish the matter ;
 For proof of it all
 Ask at *Westminster Hall*,
 How the Clergyman Marry'd his Daughter.

Good fence that is shewn
 Without Blunder or Tone,
 Preach'd by heart too, to make it more Charming ;
 A Devout sober life,
 Never stirring up strife,
 All prejudice must be disarming.

But if o'er the Town
I observe a Black Gown,
is proper to make a fine Farce on;
As they late made Essays,
To Preach down all the Plays,
will make bold to Act up the Parson.

Thus changing advice
With the Grave and the Wise,
each one reform in his station;
And so I shall cease,
In the laudible phrase,
bless the good Queen and the Nation.

Mournful and Passionate Complaint or Petition
of Mademoiselle Gallia, or the Statue of
France, plac'd amongst the other Nations, before
the Cathedral of St. Paul's in London, to the
Statue of our late Sovereign Lady Queen A N N,
Expos'd to view in Honour of her Majestys
coming to Hear the Te Deum for the Glorious
Peace. The Words made in Jargon of English
and French, to a Pretty St. Germains Air.

Adam je vous prie you will right me,
Injuriyss maka me cry;
te you had reason to spite me,
w lme your ver good Ally:
let not your Vassal den flight me,
w, now in dis Grand season of Joy.

De Carver (*Jernie me want Patiance*)
 Shewing your Soveraign rule ;
 In spite to dese happy occasions,
 With his base Hammer and Toole
 Among all de rest of de Nations,
 Make, make, maka me look like one fool.

De East and Nort *Britains* are merry ,
 Dresse and dere humours are fitt ;
 De Irish Smile as if down derry ,
 Newly had tagg'd her great Witt ;
 But me, as if past *Charons* ferry ,
 Look, look just as if me were Both-t.

Brave Peace our Grand Monarch does give you ,
 Blessing your Subje&ts at home ;
 And derefore me tink it shoud greive you ,
 Seeing me look like a Mome ;
 Strong Dunkirk does likewis receave you ,
 Which, which is begar ver pretty Plum.

Rare Mirth your wise Land is enjoying ,
 Finding *mon Grand Maitre* true ;
 De Army he keep all defying ,
 Give cause ver me to Laugh soe ;
 Yet here in dis Posture of crying ,
 Mine Phiz lowrs as 'twould make a Dog spew.

In fine den me humbla Petition ,
 Vot Majesty would appear ;
 And order one better Incision ,
 Min clowdy visage to clear ;
 For in dis confounded condition ,
 Mort dieu me have Grand shame for sit here.



MAC BALLOR.

comical Ditty, in Imitation of the Irish Style.

a woful sad Ditty to know thou art willing Man,
 Open thy Ears Joy, and then thou shalt see;
 London, Mac Ballor a stout Iniskilling Man,
 So seeking Brown Kate, by my Shoul am come eey;
 Heart is sore wounded, sore wounded, sore,
Boo, boo, boo, boo, hone, Oh hone, hery Morab.
 When.

When the Valiant King *William* cross'd over the *Boys* Jo
 And with broken Pates, made *Jack Papishes* flee;
 Of Dragoons a brave Troop made a Gallop to joyn J.
 And march with the foremost by Chrest did come
 They were beaten sore, Curst and Swore, and did m
A la Boo, boo, boo, &c.

When I went on a Party, I Sung and was merry
 Tho' Hunger gives small occasion to Laugh;
 I without any Grumbling, fought in *London-Derry*
 Without one Dram of Snush or Usquebaugh,
 Where fed on Roots, stinking Fruits, old Jack-Boos
A la Boo, boo, &c..

In a Skirmish near *Limerick*, on the Bank of the Shu
 Many stout *Teagues* were slain in time of Yout; (th
 And at *Agrim* I narrowly scap'd the damn'd Cannon the
 Catching the Balls by my Shoul in my Mout,
 But tho' the Guns spar'd my Bones, Love Gad Zoon
A la Boo, boo, &c.

The Bully-God *Mars*, tho' a Bug-bear they make
 All arm'd like a Gun-smith, with Bullets and Fi
 I defy, but the little Whelp *Cupid*, plague take him
 Make me snort and grunt like a Hog in the Mire
 She had *Irish* Size, *English* Eyes, fat *Dutch* Thighs.
A la Boo, boo, &c.

Heav'n make me a Cobler, or make me a Broom-m
 Or cry Pudding, what a Plague call ye it i'th' St
 So I may no more pogue the Hone of a Woman,
 Deel tauk me 't has har'd me quite out of my W
 For when I get drunk, toap a Funk, in comes Punk,
A la Boo, boo, boo, boo, hone, Oh hone, berry marsh.

Boys Jo
flee; *new*
oyn J D E upon his return to Vienna. Sung by
omee Mr. Leveridge in the Play call'd the Country
did m Miss with her Furbelow.





THE Valiant *Eugene* to *Vienna* is gone,
And since deny'd,
To be supply'd,
All his Troops are undone;
For the haughty *Vendosme*,
New Recruits being come,
So proud is grown,
Of two to one,
He Revenge swears to push home:
And late Losses,
Disgraces and Crosses,
Will soon retaliate now the General is gone;
Oh *Leopold*, Oh *Baden*,
What Fiend was persuading,
Your Priest-ridden Clan,
Simply to baulk so rare a Man.

Tho' *Carthage* grew proud, when story once shew'd
How well the Grand,
Blind African,
O'er the Alps hew'd out his Road;

All the Rocks in his way,
Were but Puff-past and Clay,
To those were seen,
When great *Eugene*,
Made his rugged Effay;
Where no Storm nor
Loud Thunder, this Wonder,
Could ever from his Purpose cause to hault or stay;
Tho' Watches, dispatches,
And lying their Frying,
His Youth did so decay,
Sable Locks turn'd into Grey.

Latinum give o'er, name *Cæsar* no more;
Nor the *Macedon*,
Whose high renown,
Were so blaz'd on before;
But let Glorious *Eugene*,
That August Man of Men,
Be sounded high,
As far as Sky,
Or the Globe can contain;
For a braver,
Or bolder,
Good Soldier,
never on the bloody Field maintain his Ground:
Hell take those remove him,
And here's to those love him,
Drink, drink Boys around,
And his Foes *Pluto* confound.



*The new Blackbird ; A Satyr Musical. Being
marks on some of our Allies, Occasioned
the States Deputys late refusing to assist
Duke of Marlborough.*

Monsieur grown too mighty,
Made half Europe grown ;
Who for Causes weighty,
Joynd to pull him down ;
The Spread Eagle's glory,
Long Eclips'd had been,
Portugals John Dory
Gladly too, came in ;
Hogan mogan biters,
Who our Fish devour,
Promis'd Troops of Fighters,
To compleat the Power :
Whilst in the Hawthorn Tree,
Terry, terry rerry rerry, sung the Blackbird,
Hey, terry rerry rerry, sung the Blackbird,
Oh what Allies have we.

Now their Word and Honour,
How these Chiefs regard ;
Pray Sirs note the manner,
'Twill good mirth afford ;
First the Imperial Widgeon,
Lately gone to rest,
Was for Romes Religion,
Fool'd by each sham Priest ;
Schemes of War were Riddles,
Anxious to his Poll,
Whilst Cremona fiddles,
Charm'd his thoughtless Soul :
Then in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

He that rules at Lisbon,
In next Scene survey ;
Plagu'd ('tis said) in his Bone,
The Venereal way ;

rian Charles inviting,
recover Spain ;
Performance slighting,
orc'd him off again ;
we sent and Mony,
glish Boys to Horse,
the Devil a Penny,
d they so disburse :
in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

bravely true is,
in Action bold ;
the Godson Lewis,
ubbles up French Gold ;
great Marlborough aiding,
akes his Glory swell ;
her Flight evading,
anks on the Moselle ;
e pursue the great Ones,
ho from Honour fall,
renown the Britains
at the brunt of all :
in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

y War maintaining,
y observe the rest ;
im's Battle gaining,
the General blest ;
n Troops admiring,
urted his Command ;
uest still acquiring,
rough the German Land ;
irk yet and Shagen,
ulk'd him late through fear,
are Hogan, Mogan,
ho shall lead next Year.
in the Hawthorn Tree, &c.

ins gain new Glory,
yn like those of Old ;
too plain a story,
are bought and sold ;

Belgians

210 Pitt's to Purge Melancholy.

*Belgians still uniting,
Mighty Sums have won ;
Whilst pretending Fighting,
Friendly Trade goes on :
Now to leave off writing,
Skellums pine and grieve,
When we're next for Fighting,
We'll not ask you leave,
When in the Hawthorn Tree,
Terry, terry rerry rerry, Sings the Blackbird.
Hey, terry rerry rerry, Sings the Blackbird,
*Then Jolly Boys we'll be.**

A Satyr upon London, and in Praise of the Country. The Words made to a pretty New Tune

WHO in Old Sodom would live a Day,
Grow Deaf with Rattling of Coaches;
Where Folly and noise is call'd brisk and gay,
And Wit lies in studying Debauches.

With Stinks, which Smoke and rank Foggs dispense,
Who'd be offending their Noses ;
That in the sweet Shades of the Country may,
Sit Cool under Bushes of Roses.

Town Fops in Riot consume every Day,
The Citt will Cheat his own Brother ;
And the Ladys haunt the Park and the Play,
To Laugh, and Rail at each other.

Our Funds are wanting, our Credit decays,
The French are publickly Arming ;
And for all the daily noise is of Peace,
It never comes to confirming.

that Breath in a Fragrant Air,
News, Street noise, and such Howling;
Innocent Pleasures each Day prepare,
Fishing, and Shooting, and Bowling.

Mornings early we Hunt a Hare,
Life to Pleasure us looses;
if the Weather proves not fair,
some we Regale on the Muses.

burning Raptures of Beauty and Love,
Cloris freely affords too;
we meet each Evening in a lone Grove,
sing and bill as the Birds do.

ds on Jessamin, and spring Nectar drinks,
t she we call a Town Madam;
ed still with a foul Suburb stinks,
Damns her self in old *Sodom*.



The

The Dame of Honour or Hospitality, S^m Mrs. Willis in the OPERA call'd the King of the Birds.





Since now the world's turn'd upside down,
And all things chang'd in Nature;
A doubt were newly grown,
We had the same Creator:
Ancient Modes and former ways,
I teach you, Sirs, the manner;
Good Queen Bess's Golden Days,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

In an ancient Noble Seat,
Who now 'tis come to Ruin;
Were Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat,
In th' Hall were daily Chewing:
Humming Beer my Cellar full,
Was the Yearly Donor;
Were toping Knaves had many a Pull,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

Men of homespun honest Grey's,
Had Coats and comely Badges;
They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages;
Gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,
Fear'd no threatening Dunner:
Wore a decent Grogram Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I ever thought *Cantharides*
Ingredient good in Posset,
I ever stript me to my Stays,
To play the Punk at *Basset*;
Rattafee ne'er made debauch,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner;
Nor let my Mercer seize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honour,

I still preserv'd my Maiden fame,
 In spight of Oaths and Lying ;
 Tho' many a long chinn'd Youngster came,
 And fain would be enjoying :
 My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
 From Cupid's lewd o'erunner ;
 And many a *Roman* Nose I rapp'd,
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Curling Locks I never bought
 Of Beggar's dirty Daughters ;
 Nor prompted by a wanton thought,
 Above Knee ty'd my Garters ;
 I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
 Like Punk when the Devil has won her :
 Nor prov'd a cheat to be a Bride,
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

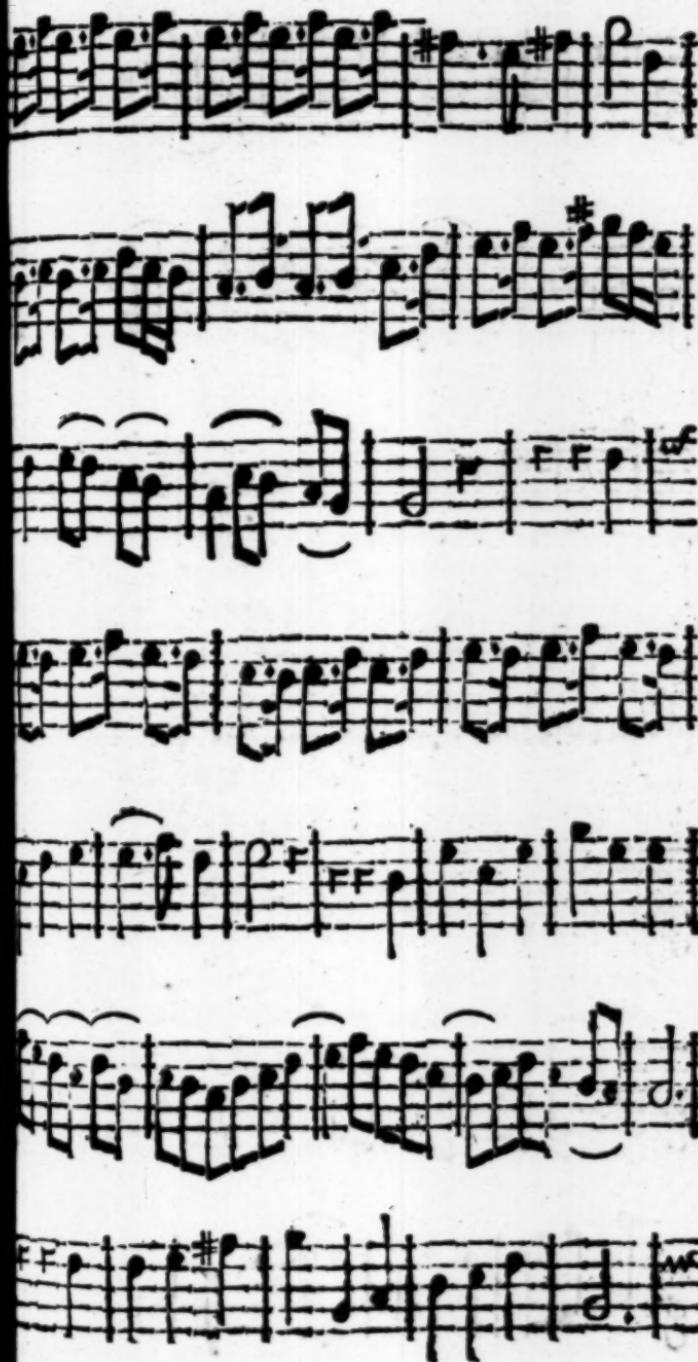
My Neighbours still I treated round,
 And Strangers that come near me ;
 The Poor too always Welcome found,
 Whose Prayers did still endear me ;
 Let therefore who at Court would be,
 No Churl, nor yet no Fawner :
 Match in old Hospitality,
 Queen Bess's Dame of Honour.



6th SONG in the last ACT of the 2d Part
Don Quixote, Sung by Mr. Freeman and
Ms. Cibber. Set by Mr. Purcell.









Mr. Freeman.

King of England, from thy pleasant Bow'r of bliss,
 Arise and spread thy sacred Wings;
 Guard, guard from Foes the British State,
 Thou on whose smiles does wait,
 Uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs. Cibber.

(Wars,

follow brave Boys, then follow brave Boys to the
 War, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow
 War, follow, follow brave Boys to the Wars,
 War, follow, follow brave Boys to the Wars;
 The Lawrel you know's the Prize,
 The Lawrel you know's the Prize :
 brings home the Noblest, the noblest,
 noblest Scars looks finest in Celia's Eyes ;
 Then shake off the Slothful ease,
 Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts ;
 Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
 remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
 Is the noblest of all other Arts :
 Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
 remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
 Is the noblest of all other Arts.



**SONNET Royal, Made for one Voice
Instruments.**

TH E Infant blooming Spring appears,
Sol has his way through *Aries* made ;
And now this Wond'rous of all Years,
The Prize of *Europe* must be play'd.

Crested *Belona* shakes her Lance,
Her Sister *Britain* to defend ;
Whilst *Mars* of Old, in League with *France*,
Dares proudly against both contend.

[Second Movement.]

But Rouze valiant *Britains*, and fear quite remove,
You cannot of Victory fail ;
Our Goddess below, and our Goddess above,
By force of their Charms,
As that of their Arms,
Have a right still to conquer the Male.

[Third Movement.]

March on then brave souls,
You're sure of your Pay ;
And toping full Bowls,
Warm valours allay,
This wish to the *Queen*, daily chant by the way :
In wealth may she flow
May the *Lewis* bring low,
May her Fame spread and grow,
Whilst Sun shines, or Wind blows,
And Hang up Her foes.
In Wealth &c.

Via
glish Words made to a Famous Italian Ayre,
call'd Scoca puer.

If's short Hours, too fast are hasting
Sweet Amours, can never, never be lasting;
Care and sorrow,
May to morrow,
Under the dear design of Pleasure,
Want the happy leisure,
count our darling Treasure;
Time, time Celia is flying,
Whilst you are denying,
Dissolution, and Confusion.
The passing Bell tolling.
Relations condoling:
Horror will soon be surrounding,
Nature confounding;
Make then amends whilst you may,
My dear for that sad Day,
Our Loves kind advances,
Our Songs and our Dances,
will conclude, and Amorous trances;
Beauty with all 'tis charms,
Pitty, oh pitty will freez in my Arms.

ay:
Sor Remarks on some Few, and particularly
the No Beauty of Tunbridge Wells.

To shew Tunbridge Wells,
Other Waters excells,
the various effects of the blessing;
I can prove without pain,
They can work on the Brain,
as well as the Bladder; by P——sing.

For as they can Heal,
With the Iron and Steel,
And the Wretch, Paralitick recover;
They can make lewd Dice Players,
Go to Chappel to Prayers,
And a Brazen Phylistian turn Lover.

They can make him disgrace,
A most Beautiful Face,
And adore a thing, Frowzy and Cloudy ;
Witness a brown Girl,
Counted here for a Pearl,
Whom we all thought at Clapham a Dowdy.

A Face turn'd four-square,
Full of aukwardly Air,
Ne'er design'd for nice beauty's Regalia ;
With a Mouth, which each laugh,
Spreads two Inches and half,
And a Skin like a Ham of Westphalia.

Then tho' Grazzet she wears,
Through her Sisterly fears,
Of what her whole Lineage may come too ;
Since her Daddy despairs,
Yet she gives her self Airs,
And has got the Town Jett with her Bum too.

They can make the Precise,
The Demure and the Wise,
Applaud this fine Method of living ;
Tho' you never can keep
Out the Wolves from the Sheep,
And it all ends, in Cheating and Thieving.

In short to conclude, ^{indeed}
Without being rude,
They can give such a Tincture to Nature ;
They Fat Bawds can inure,
To sell Fruit, and Procure,
In spight of the Jerks of a Satyr.

SONG, *Made on the happy Occasion of our late Forcing the French Lines. The Words made to a pretty new Minuet.*

Rand *Louis* falls head-long down,
Since *Luxemburg's* Death, the Witchcraft is gone;
Planet durst for him appear,
Heliheim now, nor *Blenheim* last Year :
Th' Arm's shouting,
Bavaria's routing,
Now just Fate too, that Rebel resigns,
Once more flying,
Hark how he's crying,
We bleau, they have forc'd our strong Lines.

g Muses, the General's praise,
Wlk'd at the *Moselle*, but not at the *Maez* ;
Wilst Volumns with scandal are full,
Lewis the Craz'd, and *Lewis* the Dull :
One oppressing,
Feigning redressing,
Les Crowns without Title or Law ;
T'other marches,
Very rarely charges,
Times late, the long Siege at *Landau*.

own bowls then each *Brittish* brave Son,
At *Bourbon* dispair, and *Baden* doze on,
All who proud *France* dare defend ;
That *Brabant* begins all *Flanders* shall end,
Antwerp surrender,
What can defend her,
Then yield too, to Glorious *Eugene* ;
When that's gone too,
Vendome, *Vendome* too,
By, for *Paris* next Summer's Campaign.

A New S O N G by way of Congratulation
her Majesty, on the Happy Frustrating
late French Invasion.





From Dunkirk one Night, they stole out in a fright,
To Insult our Faith's Royal Defender;
some Demon in th' dark, made 'em out-run the mark,
And so baulk the Invading Pretender:
ill the Mounſieur in heat, fent Express to each State,
That in Scotland he straight should be Crown'd;
instead of that Reign, he must take him again,
ugh Jolly bold Britains, laugh, laugh,
ugh at him Europe all round.

Told my Country-men know, how this comes to be so,
and how He and his Slaves are so hearty;
the Commons or Lords, in a few honest words,
is explain'd they are all of a Party:
tho' poor as Rats, without Coyn or Estates,
only what the most Christian will spare;
Unite against the Boe, ah, let us do but so,
Jolly bold Britains then, then,
then let 'em come if they dare.

live Gracious Ann, let her flourishing Reign,
give her safety and Glory for ever;
no more Northern Scribes, sell her Kingdom for bribes,
Nor the Brittish to plague it endeavour:
the Dutch Troops obey, and give Marlborougħ his way,
let great Hannover mind his Affair;
brave Prince Eugene, lead his Troops once again;
Naughty French boasters then, then,
then stand your Ground if you dare.

The Court LUNATICKS, or Reflections on late Changes. The Words made to the Time a pretty Country Dance, call'd Hedge Lane.

SNUG of late, the Barons fate
With Northern Britons bonny,
Commons they, were every Day,
On Ways and Means for Mony:
But there's now, the Devil to do,
The high built *Tory* rory;
Plots maintain 'gainst Moderate Men,
But have fain down a story:
Greg's harangu'd, but yet unhang'd,
They want some more discovery;
H——ly's out, there's none can doubt,
And *St — ns* past recovery:
M——ham Plot is piping hot,
And all to change the Ministry;
They only mean, t' abuse the *Q——ns*,
With Loyal sham pretences,
Fie, Tories fie, you soar so high,
Y' have all quite lost your Senses.

Who would put the General out,
That is not strangely Frantick?
Who'd defame *Godolphin*'s name,
That is not simply antick?
Who'd displace the Purse and Mace,
That value Law or Reason?
Who'd discard the *Q——ns* bestGuard
That is not fond of Treason?
Yet the Muse, can some produce,
Who 'tis believ'd are much to blame;
Some who hope, to climb the top,
And are too Great for me to name:
Who pretend, the Church to mend,
Yet only do confound the same:
And meerly mean, to abuse the *Q——ns*,
With Loyal sham pretences;
Fie, Tories fie, &c.

—'s Gown, is now laid down,
The Court for't is in Mourning;
Let the Cross, gives little loss,
His Coat so well bears turning:
All Reigns, his working Brains,
Both sides have oft been trying;
Active fear, he well could bear,
But never self denying:
—self too, who all Men knew
Of late, so wise and Politick;
wears to joyn the Grand design,
In spite of his Comptroling stick:
veral more were late brought o'er,
But all were routed in the nick;
The Snake was seen the Flow'r's between,
For all their Grave pretences;
Tories fie, &c.

Then in short 'tis well the Court,
Can great Preferments vary;
ince they've chose, all now suppose,
An honest Secretary:
ne too Just a Knave to trust,
Tho' Language he pronounces,
to make his Judgment weak,
Employing Factious Dunces:
et this Year our Ships of War,
Be worth an able Penmans care;
et the Plots of raving Sot,
Ne'er draw our Party to a snare;
or the kind Indulgent Q — n,
Afflict with Heart disturbing care:
doubts that rise, and Tales and Lies,
And Loyal sham pretences;
Tories fie, you Soar so high,
I have all quite lost your Senses.



A SONG for Sancho in the Fourth Act of
Quixot. Set by Mr. John Eccles.





Was early one Morning, the Cock had just crow'd;
 Sing *hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;*
 Holiday Cloaths on, and face newly Mow'd,
 with a *hey ding, hoe ding, drink your brown Berry;*
 The Sky was all Painted; no Scarlet so Red,
 the Sun was just then getting out of his Bed,
 Ben Teresa and I went to Church to be sped;
 With a *hey ding, hoe ding, shall I come to Wose thee,*
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me;
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry,
Derry ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey lantridown derry.

Face was as fair, as if't had been in Print,
 Sing *hey ding, &c..*
 And her small Ferret Eyes, did lovingly Squint;
 With a *hey down, &c..*
 Her mouth had been damag'd with Comfits & plumbs,
 and her Teeth that were useless, for biting her Thumbs,
 And late, like ill Tennants, forsaken her Gums;
 With a *hey ding, hoe ding, &c..*

But

But when Night came on, and we both were a
Sing bey ding, &c.

Such strangethings were done, there's no more to
With a hey down, &c.

Next Morning her head ran of mending her G
And mine was plagu'd how to pay Piper a C
And so we rose up the same Pools we lay down
With a hey ding, boe ding, &c.

The Wedding, or the Farmers Holliday;
SONG. The Words made to a Pleasant Tune.





Ay's Roger to *WID*, both our Teams shall lye still,
 And no Hay shall be carry'd to make the Mow ;
 what e'er betide, we must see the new Bride,
 And the Lads and the Lasses, and all the Show :
 Such fine folk never were seen,
 For all the Country comes in,
 Day, let's leave then our *boy gee bo*.

There's Flaxen, and Brown, and Slim, and full grown,
 There's Tall for your liking, and others low ;
 There's some that can Skip, and there's others can trip,
 There's grey Eyes, and Hazel, and black as Sloe :
 Their looks so pleasing and kind,
 They're sure all, all of one mind ;
 Books think no more then of *boy gee bo*.

There's Widdows and Maids, with their high cocking
 Tho' some are unskilful, yet others know ; (heads,
 There's Batchelors brisk, who can Caper and Frisk,
 And the Art of fine footing can nimblly shew :
 When blood warms, Matches are made,
 Thus on goes love Jolly trade,
 Then who'd be sweating at *boy gee bo*.

Windsor

Windsor Tarras. A New Song.



M Using I late;
On Windsor Tarras late;
And hot, and weary,
Heard a merry,
Am'rous couple chat;
Words as they go,
The Nymph soon made me know,
And t'other was,
Tho' gay in dres,
A blund'ring Country Beau.

He had shown her all
The Lodgings, great and small ;
The Tower, the Bower,
The Green, the Queen,
And fam'd St. George's Hall :
Lastly brought her here,
To court her for his Dear ;
To Wed and Bed,
And swore he had,
A thousand Pound a Year.

Mony the crew
Of Sots, think all must do ;
And now this Fool,
Unlearn'd at School,
It seems believes so too :
But the rare Girl,
More worth than Gold or Pearl,
Was Nobly got,
And brought, and Taught,
To shun the Fordid World.

She then brisk and gay,
That lov'd a Tuneful Lay,
In hast pull'd out,
Her little Flute,
And bad him Sing or Play ;
He both Arts defy'd,
And she as quickly cry'd ;
Who learnt no way,
To Sing nor Say,
Shou'd ne'er make her a Bride.

An ODE, or Lyrical Elegy, or Funeral ODE
 Written in Sorrow; on the Death of the
 most Excellent and much Lamented R.
 GEORGE of Denmark.

*S*ilvander, Royal by his birth,
 Divinely good, as well as great;
 'Mongst all the Kingdoms of the Earth,
 Chose happy Albion, for his seat:
 The Queen of Hearts, and Queen of Isles,
 Posset him of their Fertile store;
 The first endear'd him with her smiles,
 The last gave Ease, and wealthy Ore:
 Fame, he had purchas'd long before,
 Say Cherubins that sit on high,
 Ye radiant Inmates of the Sky,
 Did Heavn e're give a Mortal more.

Hark, the Celestials answer no,
 None, more the powers above could bless;
 Nor 'mongst the human Race below,
 E'er stood desart in higher place:
 'Twould pose the Muses to extend,
 On such extream of worth their praise;
 The noblest Master, truest Friend,
 The tend'rest Husband, Ancient days
 Replete, with Conjugal Essays,
 Can scarce so just a pattern shew,
 Much less, Licentious rovers now,
 To vertuous Love, such Altars raise.

The Gracious Flora, pain'd with fear,
 Who knew all days had Mortal date;
 That he might stay for ever here,
 Made league with every Power, but Fate,

barbous Tyrant, Foe to th' Good,
the Wise, the Vertuous, and the Brave;
pious Zeal, and Prayers withstood
and still the more she pres'd to crave
Grant, might lov'd *Silvander* save:
The more was urg'd to a degree,
His doom of frail Mortality,
but sunk his Glory to the Grave.

dark recess, to which all go,
that breathe upon this Earthly ball;
now the Royal *Flora*'s woe,
limits no Patient interval:
from her Eyes incessant fall,
the State affairs too, weigh her down;
none, she can for comfort call,
the Partner of her Cares is gone,
Who caus'd her oft to cease her moan,
Whilst Grief, that precious Life decays,
And Sighs, such storms in Britain raise,
Shakes the Nation from the Throne.

then great Prince, Sleep, sleep in peace,
reliev'd from Vice, and Mortal care:
ill we, that pine in Life's disease,
but fading Joys, less happy are:
inflated thus, from Earth to Heaven,
By blissful Transports hourly grow,
ill we by Passions toss'd and driven,
live wretched in this Vale of woe:
if our State, some glimpse of Comfort shew,
We only blest, since so much Worth must die,
have the skill, in sacred Verse, still to preserve thy
(Memory.



A DIALOGUE Sung at a Play, by a Boy, and a Girl.

She. FLY, fly from my sight, fly far away,
My scorn thou'lt only purchase by thy
Away, away, away fond Fool away.

He. Dear, dear Angel no,
Here on this place i'll rooted grow ;
Those pretty, pretty Eyes,
Mas charm'd me so,

I Cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot go.

She. Thou Silly, silly creature, be advis'd,
And do not, do not stay to be despis'd;
By all my Actions, thou may'st see,
My Heart can spare no room for thee.

He. Why, why dost thou hate me, ah, confess
Thou sweet disposer of my Joys?
Why I can Kiss, and I can play,
And tell a thousand pretty tales ;
Can Sing, can sing the livelong day,
If any other Talent fails.

She. Boast not thy Musick, for I fear,
Thy singing Gift, has cost thee dear ;
Each warbling Linnet on the Tree
Has far a better Fate than thee,
For they Life's happy pleasures prove,
As they can sing, so they can Love.

He. Why so can I ?

She. No, no, no poor Boy :

He. Why, why cannot I ?

She. The reason is, I only guess

There's something in thy Face and Voice,
That thou'rt not made like other Boys,
No, no poor Boy.

He. Pray do but try, do but try, &c.

I know no reason, no reason why ?

She. You know, you know, you know you Lye.

Bonny Milk-Maid. Sung in my Play of
Don Quixote.



Ye

YE Nymphs and *Sylvian* Gods,
 That love green Fields and Woods ;
 When Spring newly blown,
 Her self does adorn,
 With Flowers and blooming buds :
 Come sing in the praise,
 Whilst Flocks do graze,
In yonders pleasant Vale ;
 Of those that choose,
 Their Sleep to lose,
 And in cold Dews,
 With clouted Shoes,
Da carry the Milking Pail.

The Goddess of the Morn,
 With blushes they adorn ;
 And take the fresh Air,
 Whilst Linnets prepare,
A Confort on each green Thorn :
 The Blackbird and Thrush,
 On every bush,
 And the charming Nightingale ;
 In merry vein,
 Their throats do strain,
 To entertain,
 The jolly train.
That carry the Milking Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
 And Flowers can spring no more ;
 The Fields that were seen,
 So pleasant and green,
 By Winter all candid o'er :
 Oh how the Town Lass,
 Looks with her white Face,
 And her Lips of deadly pale ;
 But it is not so,
 With those that go,
 Thro' Frost and Snow,
 With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking Pail.

The Miss of Courtly mould,
dorn'd with Pearl and Gold ;
With washes and Paint,
Her Skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's Old :
Whilst she in Commode,
Puts on a Cart-load,
And with Cushions plumps her tail ;
What Joys are found,
In Russet Gown,
Young, plump and round,
And sweet and sound,
that carry the Milking Pail.

The Girls of Venus Game,
That ventures Health and Fame ;
In practising feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make lovers grow Blind and Lame :
If Men were so Wise,
To value the prize,
Of the Wares most fit for Sale ;
What store of Beaus,
Would daub their Cloaths
To save a Nose,
By following those,
that carry the Milking Pail.

The Country Lad is free,
From fears and Jealousie ;
When upon the Green,
He is often seen,
With his Lass upon his Knee :
With Kisses most sweet,
He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale ;
Whilst the London Lass,
In e'ry place,
With her brazen Face,
Despises the grace,
of those with the Milking Pail.

A Rapture on Albion and Cali

A handwritten musical score for two voices, likely soprano and alto, in common time. The music consists of six staves of five-line staff paper. The first three staves begin with a bass clef, while the last three begin with an alto clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The notation includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Measure numbers 1 through 12 are written above the staves. The handwriting is clear and organized, typical of a composer's working manuscript.



Aptures attending dwellers Divine,
Can ne'er be transcending Albion's and mine;
A noble story Charms her fair Isle,
All as much Glory in Celia's smile ;
Her tears her conquering Cross,
Left France in Tears bewails her sad loss.

Aptures attending dwellers Divine,
Ne'er be transcending Albion's and mine;
Guest Triumphant too, comes from the Sea,
Fate blesses Albion, and Celia me.
Aptures attending dwellers Divine,
Ne'er be transcending Albion's and mine.



M

Or

On the Glorious Victory lately won by that Wond'rous
Hero Prince Eugene, over the Turkish Army.



AT E had design'd this work of all Ages,
For Christian Valour a glorious doom;
the Grand Signor's prowl's images,
he thought a Million would soon o'creome?
sent the great *Mufti* a Vision,
all the Germans bewou'd their Condition,
Squadrons were scanned,
Officers wanted,
by Eugene for Christendom.

Hundred thousand made the Turk's Army,
Three quarters more then in Fight prevail;
So the Germans who could alarm ye,
By with Valour when forces fail:
The Grand Vizier his Musselmen treating,
The poor handfuls were scarce worth his beating,
But not performing,
Brave Engens storming,
Run away from proud Horse-tails.

sors the Cross, and now flies the Crescent,
and now wait the Victorious prize;
bloody Wounds and groans are incessant,
the bold *Vizier* despairing dies:
the Grandure of Ottoman power,
the brightness of Christians to lower

Brave Eugene's story,
Blooms with fresh Glory, one finds H R A
With Christmas old Faith enjoys. H
Cassini gives us words by Turner and the
Novelty Register won high praise. The
Life Review and a new

A Dialogue between Teague an Irish Priest and Arch-bishop of Paris, on the taking of Tournay and the State of the French affairs. The Way made to an Irish Tune.



Teague,

HARK Lewis groans, good Fador wat ails him
None of our loud Te-Dumis availis him;
Creesh shave my Showl by Trumpets and Drumm
The Raison's plain now great Marlborough is comin
Through bone o bone.

Bishop.

Leave off your howle you teemple Bogtrotter,
Wat can me do in tings of dis nature;
Get you to Mais and dose matters handle,
To Curse him back yid your bell Book and Candle
Ah Jernie bleiw,

Tu

Tegur.

pick our Shaint successses delaying,
nothing will do no more good than Praying ;
wful Eugene the Deevil sure carrys,
new Turney's taken he'll soon come to Paris :
th bone o bone.

Bishop.

ey go on as now dey'r beginning,
ing our Troops and Towns daily winning ;
d ey'r Lines our Army lyes Sleeping,
ew de Gold we so long have been heaping :
Jernie bleim.

Tegue.

by my Showl's de fruit of Ambition,
by his Pride in woful condision ;
must be making Kings of Welch Princes,
ague upon't he has quite lost his Shences :
th bone o bone.

Bishop.

omes of Pless with Sweden combining,
of proposing Peace and not signing ;
t Gen'rals now such Anger discover,
l sure demand both Versails and de Louvre :
Jernie bleim.

Tegue.

andy's Mad dat Fool has undon us,
y's the same who now seems to shun us ;
ick is sent out to seek his undoing,
nd strong Ale for Villars is Brewing :
th bone o bone.

Advice to the City, a famous SONG, set
Tune of Signior Opdar, so remarkable,
I had the Honour to Sing it with
CHARLES at Windsor; He holding one
of the Paper with Me.







REmember ye *Whiggs* what was formerly done,
Remember your Mischiefs in *Forty and One*;
When Friend oppos'd Friend, and Father the Son,
Then, then the Old Cause, went rarely on ;
The Cap sat aloft, and low was the Crown,
The Rabble got up, and the Nobles went down:

Lay Elders in Tubs,
Rul'd Bishops in Robes,
Who mourn'd the sad Fate,
And dreadful disaster,
Of their Royal Master,
By Rebels betray'd.

Then London be wise and baffle their Power,
And let them play the old game no more;
Hang, hang up the Shir—ffs those Baboons in pow'r,
Those popular Thieves, those Rats of the Tower;
Whose Canting tale the Rable believes in a hurry,
And never sorry, merrily they still go on;
Fie for shame, we're too tame, since they claim
The combat, tan ta ra ra ra, tan ta rara ra,
Dub, a dub, a let the Drum beat, the strong Militia
Guards the Throne.

When Faction possesses the popular voice,
The cause is supply'd still with nonsense and noise,
And *Tony*, their Speaker, the Rable leads on,
He knows if we prosper that he must run ;
Carolina must be his next station of ease,
And *London* be rid of her worst disease ;

From Plots and from Spies,
 From Treason and Lies,
 We shall ever be free;
 And the Law shall be able,
 To punish a Rebel,
 As cunning as he:

London, &c.

Allion ne'er wanted a Loyal pretence,
 All Villians swear all's for the good of their Prince;
 All our Elections, to shew what they dare,
 Loosing their Charter Arrest the Mayor;
 Je—ks was the first o'th' the Cuckoldy crew,
 Ell—; and Jes—kB and Hub—Ind the Jew;

Fam'd Sparks of the Town,
 For Wealth and Renown,
 Give the Devil his due,
 And such as we fear,
 Had their Soveraign been their,
 Had Arrested him too:

London, &c.

*MOUSE Trap. Made to a comical Tune in
the Country Wake.*



M 5



O F all the simple things we do,
To rub over a Whimsical Life;
There's no one Folly is so true,
As that very bad Bargain a Wife;
We'er just like a Mouse in a Trap,
Or Vermin caught in a Gin;
We Sweat and Fret, and try to Escape,
And Curse the sad Hour we came in.

I Gam'd and Drank, and play'd the Fool,
And a Thousand Mad frolics more;
I Roy'd and Rang'd, despis'd all Rule,
But I never was Married before;
This was the worst Plague could ensue,
I'm Mew'd in a smoky House;
I us'd to Tope a Bottle or two,
But now 'tis small Beer with my Spouse.

My darling Freedom crown'd my joys,
And I never was vext in my way;
If now I cross her Will her Voice,
Makes my Lodging too hot for my stay;
Like a Fox that is hamper'd in vain,
I fret out my Heart and Soul;
Walk too and fro the length of my Chain,
Then forc'd to Creep into my Hole.

A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mr. Leveridge.



FAreweel my Bonny, bonny witty, pretty *Marry*,
And aw the Rosie Lasses, Milking on the Dow
Adiew the flow'ry Meadows, late so dear to *Jacky*,
The sports and merry glee of *Edinborough Town*:
Since *French* and *Spanish* loons, stand at Bay,
And Valiant Lads of *Britain* hold 'em play.
My Reap-huke, I mun throw quite away;
And Fight too like a Man,
Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Ann*.

Each Carl of *Irish* mettle battles like a Dragon,
The *German* waddles, and straddles to the Drum;
The *Italian* and the butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan*,
Gud feth then *Scottish Jockey* may not ligg at hom
For since their ganging to Hunt renown,
And swear they'll quickly ding the *Mounfieur* down;
Ise follow for a pluck at his Crown,
To shew that *Scotland* can,
Excel 'em for our Royal Queen *Ann*.

2d. Movement.





HEN welcome from *Vigo*,
And Cudgeling *Don Diego*,
d bouger Rascallion,
d Plund'ring the Galleoons;
th brisk Valiant fellow,
ight at *Roden-dellow*,
those who did meet,
th the *Newfound-Land Fleet*;
ta for late Successes,
ich Europe Confesses,
Land by our galliant Commanders;
e Dutch in strong' Beer,
d be Drunk for one Year,
th their General's Health, in *Flanders*.

Tb

*The Scotch Cuckold: A New SONG to a
new Tune.*

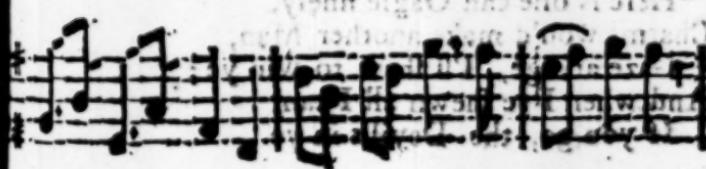


Twantey Years and mear at Edinborow Jacky
 At last he would to London gang, and there the silly Unman
Lunatick miserr

Whily Kate the Brown, the Plump,
 The Frowzy Browzy,
 Hoyty Toity,
 a N-Garden Harridan,
 made poor Jockey's Head to Ake,
 and spoyl'd him for a merry Man.

is me he cry'd, that ever I should change my free
 (Condition,
 Quean my Wife will gad abroad, whilst I mest a'ry
 (where Derision;
 I may sigh and Pine and Whine,
 And run about,
 The Town about,
 each Hour crying Welladay,
 with roaring Boys she diverts her time,
 and all the Week makes Holliday.

First SONG for the Third ACT, Sing by Alc-
 fidora to Don Quixote.





Damon turn your Eyes to me,
Wither simply wou'd you, wou'd you lead 'em
Can you, can you think another she,
Has more Charms, has more Charms than I to feel 'em
He that leaves a Rosie, rosie Cheek,
Lips Vermillion like a Ruby ;
Blindly coarser fare to seek,
Pox, pox upon him for a Booby.

If a smile the Lover's joy,
Can allure, i'll do't divinely ;
Or d'ye love a Sleepy Eye,
Here is one can Oagle finely,
Charms wou'd make another Man,
Gaze an age, I'll shew to win ye ;
And when I've shewn all I can,
If you go, the Devil's in ye.

Poet's Lyrical Address to the QUEEN. With
Remarks on the present Affairs, and the Happy
UNION; brought to perfection by Her Majesty,
being on Force on May the First, 1717. To
be Said, or Sung to a Humourous Tune call'd
Green Sleeves, and is also Set to other Musick,
by One of our Best Masters.



Whilst

WHilst favour'd Bishops new Sleeves putt on
And Toleration has each New Case;
And Courtiers get places of Gracious Queen
All bustling in every Station:

A Son of *Phœbus*, whose Muse oft sings
Our Nation's Glory, with other Things,
A stanch Loyal Lover of Queens, and of Kings,
To make this Address takes Occasion:

Oh long and bright may your Glory shine,
Great Patroness of the Tuneful Nine,
Who all, like the Vision of *Pharsab's* Lean Kine,
Late mourn'd on a sad Desolation:

But now they flourish in Golden Days,
And Bounty shows on *Apollo's* Race,
Let me too be happy in Sovereign Grace,
Now Britain is made a blest Nation.

Great Marlborough, who for the Field prepares,
And Loads of Laurel through Flanders bears;
Yet are not in weight like his Annual Gares,
To crown his late Deeds is contriving.

Then, whether Mounseur can well maintain
What to half Europe's against the Grain,
His Grandson young Philip, to King it in Spain,
You'll find at our Forces arriving.

For tho' we late into Feuds did grow,
Some for the High-Church, and some the Low,
We now must unite to drive out such a Foe
By Aids, to support the Invasion.

Dull Baden, Fate, has casheer'd at last,
Had brave Eugene on the Rhine been plac'd,
One Hour had atton'd for an Age that has past,
And given for new Trophies Occasion.

Crown's Succession is past all fear,
Britain's Kingdoms have fix'd an Heir,
Princess Sophie runs glib in Church-Prayer,
Defying all Chances hereafter:

You must forgive the Welsh Prince's Scare,
him to bring new Pretensions o'er;
politic Scotland has shut her Back-door,
which is a thing worthy Laughter.

The Happy Union, all Hearts commands
Plads, and Bonnets, and Cloak, and Bands,
a long pleated Cassock must join and shake Hands,
but Friendly in every Station.

Scotland, Scotland, old Faults we wave,
unk Royal Ann for the Prize She gave,
we Loyal, and truly we know you are brave,
then Britain will be a blest Nation.

Then, Caledonian Sons,
and loud your Trumpets, and fire your Guns,
Dutyful Thanks the swift Seafon out-runs,
Volumes of Loyal Addresses.

Linborough with Praise abound,
Kirk dole Sanctified Hymns around,
St Paul's with its Organ in ravishing Sound,
Heavenly Devotion expresses.

both the Poles how our Glorious Ann,
abour several Kings began,
full'd to effect, has concluded, and done,
Eternize her wonderful Story.

Albany a blest Union made,
rais'd our Power, improv'd their Trade,
taken from Mounseur the Means to invade,
dipping his dazzling Vainglory.

Some

Some say that *Belgia* mistakes our Dith,
 The *Union* relishes not their Wish,
 Who lately by provident catching our Fish,
 Defray'd all Dragooning Expences.

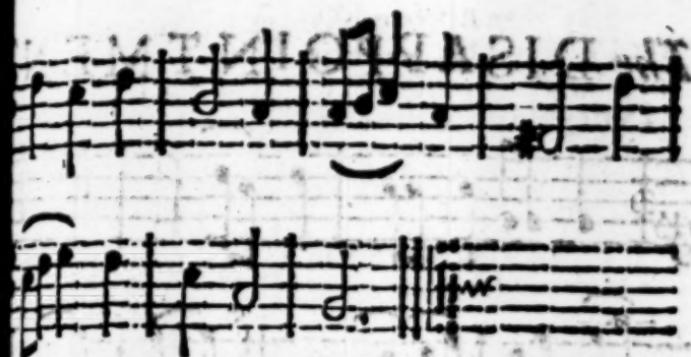
For fear vile Int'rest the League should spoil,
 Since Malice Butter can turn to Oil,
 And Honour don't grow in a plashy, cold Soil,
 Let Prudence take care of Defences.

Th' *Hibernian* Wits, who no Statesmen are,
 Depend upon the new Viceroy's Care,
 And now, mighty Queen, as a finishing Prayer,
 Long Live in your Royal Vocations;

And when you e'er a State Game begin,
 May then your Trumps come all pouring in,
 For never had Gamester a harder to win,
 Then who has United these Nations.

A SONG.





light was the Morning, cool was the Air,
Serene was all the Sky ;
on the Waves I left my dear,
the Center of my joy :
even and Nature smiling were,
and nothing sad but I.

Rosie Field did Odours spread,
Fragrant was the shore ;
River God rose from his Bed,
and sigh'd and own'd her power :
ring their Waves they deck'd their heads,
s proud of what they bore.

When the fair *Egyptian Queen*,
Her Heroe went to see ;
swell'd o'er his Banks in pride,
much in Love as he :

swell'd, ~~etc.~~ HE CHIEF DIFFERENCE
is as valid as ever was
betwixt Morning and Evening
on ye waters, bear these lines,
and tell her how distress'd ;
all my sighs ye gentle winds,
and waft 'em to her Breast :
her if e'er she prove unkind,
never shall have rest.

The

The DISAPPOINTMENT

THE Clock had struck, faith I cannot tell what,
But Morning was come as Grey as a Cat;
Cocks and Hens from their Roofs did fly,
Grunting Hogs too had left their sty;
When in a Ville,
Carrying a Pail,
Sisly her new Lover met, Dapper Nelly;
First they Kiss'd,
Then shook Fist,
Then talk'd as Fools do that just were to Marry.

ay'd Hell, I can't but think, you'd soon bludg us off
we are come to Wedlock brink ;
sure a stock 'twill be how fine,
you put your good mark to mine ;
Siss at that,
Glowing hot,
him as if she'd have burnt him to Tinder ;
Thus they Woo,
But see how,
Fate contriv'd now the Bargain to hinder.

and got a Cold I suppose,
twixt her Fingers was blowing her Nose ;
that Linnen too wanted I doubt,
her his Glove, to serve for a Clout ;
Scraping now,
Mariners to show,
tell her how much he was her adorer :

Pray mark the Joke,
Leather thong broke,
Teethes fell down to his Ancles before her .

who saw him thus distract,
of her Garter of woolen List ;
with a fly and leering look,
it to mend up what was broke ;

Fumbling he,
Could not see,
he discover'd, tho' e'er he had ty'd all :
For just before,
Shirt was tore,
the Devil would have't she had spy'd all.

ave him then so cold a Look,
tent it plainly spoke ;
unning from him near a Mile,
took her at a stile ;
Too much hast,
Milk down cast,
uppy turvy she fell on her Pole with't :

He seeing that,
Runs with's Hat,
But could not Cover her C — for his soul with

Have you not seen at Noon of Day,
The Sun his glorious Face display ;
So Sisly shone with Beauty's Rays,
Reflecting from her Postern grace ;
Till at last,
Strugling past,
Wide sprawling Legs were again set in order :
But poor Hs^t,
Since her fall,
Stood just like one was found guilty of Murder.

The God of Love, or else old Nick,
Sure had design'd this Devilish trick,
To make the Bridegroom and the Bride ;
With themselves dissatisfy'd ;
She grown coy,
Call'd him Boy,
He getting from her cry'd Zoons you'r a rouzer :
Foh, she cry'd,
By things spy'd,
She had as live a meer Baby should espouse her.

THE
SONGS
AND
I A L O G U E S

In the First and Second Part of
Ganiello. The First SONG Set by
Daniel Purcell.

A handwritten musical score consisting of five staves, each with a different clef (Bass, Treble, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in common time. The score includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having horizontal dashes through them. Measure numbers 1 through 10 are present above the staves. The first staff begins with a dotted half note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The second staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs. The third staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs. The fifth staff begins with a quarter note followed by eighth-note pairs.



YOUNG Philander woo'd me long,
 I was peevish and forbid him;
 Nor would hear his loving Song,
 And yet now I wish, I wish I had him :
 For each Morn I view my Glass,
 I perceive the Whim is going ;
 For when Wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.
 For when Wrinkles streak the Face,
 We may bid farewell to Wooing.

Use your time ye Virgins fair,
 Choose before your days are Evil ;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 Five and Forty is the Devil :
 Just when Ripe consent to do't,
 Hug no more the lonely Pillow ;
 Women like some other Fruit,
 Loose their relish when too Mellow.



Fisherwoman's SONG, In the First Part, of
Massaniello. Set by Mr. Leveridge.



O F all the World's Enjoyments,
 That ever valu'd were;
 There's none of our Employments,
 With Fishing can Compare:
 Some Preach, some Write,
 Some Swear, some Fight,
 All Golden Lucre courting,
 But Fishing still bears off the Bell ;
 For Profit or for Sporting.

*Then who a Jolly Fisherman, a Fisherman will be?
 His Throat must wet,
 Just like his Net,
 To keep out Cold at Sea.*

The Country Squire loves Running,
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For wild Ducks in his Grounds:
 This Hunts, that Fowls,
 This Hawks, Dick Bowls,
 No greater Pleasure wishing,
 But Tom that tells what Sport excells,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing,
Then who, &c.

A good Westphalia Gammon,
 Is counted dainty Fare ;
 But what is't to a Salmon,
 Just taken from the Ware :
 Wheat Ears and Quailes,
 Cocks, Snipes and Rayles ;
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting,
 But all must stoop to Crawfish Soop,
 Or I've no skill in tasting.
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
 Their prey with too much pains ;
 Nay often break a Neck too,
 A Pennance for no Brains :

They Run, they Leap,
Now high, now deep,
Ist he that Fishing chooses;
With ease may do't, nay more to boot,
Entertain the Muses.
m who, &c.

be?
tho' some envious wranglers,
o jeer us will make bold;
Laugh at Patient Anglers,
Who stand so long i'th' Cold:
They wait on Miss;
We wait on this,
think it easie Labour;
nd if you'd know, Fish profits too,
ult our Holland Neighbour.
m who, &c.

New SONG, Made in Honour of his Grace
the Duke of Marlborough, and the General
Officers, upon the Glorious success of this last
campaign. Set by Mr. J. Weldon.

At the Drum, Beat, beat the Drum,
Let Martial Trumpets sound;
jolly Bowl prepare,
ith fragrant Roses Crown'd:
Grand Leviathan of France is Tumbling down,
tumbling down, is tumbling, tumbling down;
tel wreaths for Glorious pains,
e more great Marlborough, great Marlborough Gains:
s whilst Conquer'd, whilst conquer'd Flanders falls,
d Orleans, from Turin's Walls,
ke a Vapour gone.
Mounfieur's mawl'd by Sea and Land,
n take six Bumpers in a Hand;
each brave Brittish Son,
y, they the Work have done,
y, they the Work have done.

A DIALOGUE between a Town Sharpener and
Hostess, Sung by Mr. Leveridge and Mr. P.
in the first Part. Set by Mr. Daniel Purce

Sharp.



Sharp

Hoff.

N 4

Sharp.

Sharp. **W**Hilst wretched Fools sneak up and down,
Play hide and seek about the Town;
Deprest by Debts, and Fortune's Frown,
By Duns to keep in awe:
When ever my occasions call,
And 'mongst my Creditors I fall;
I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all,
Fa, la, &c.

Host. Good Morrow Sir, I'm glad to see,
Your Humour is so brisk and free;
I hope the better 'tis for me,
If you your Purse will draw:
Y'have been two Years at Bed and Board,
And I, Lord help me, took your Word;
But now must have what here is scor'd,
For all your Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp. My Purse sweet Hostess is but lank,
But I have something else in Bank;
And you at Home I'll kindly thank,
With charming sweet *Sol fa*:
We'll sit and Chaunt from Morn to Noon,
No Nightingale in *May* or *June*;
Did ever Sing so fine a Tune,
As Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Host, You take me for an Ideot sure,
Will this fine Tune my Debt secure;
Or Pay my Baker and my Brewer,
Or keep me from the Law:
To buy your Shirts there's Money lent,
Besides in Meat and Drink more spent;
And can you think I pay my Rent,
With Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp. I'll teach thee such a pretty Song,
Shall please the Rich, Poor, Old, and Young;
Get thee a Husband Stout and Strong,
Some Country Rich Jack-Daw:

Nay, more I'll bring to quit my Scores,
 A crew of Toping Sons of Whores,
 Shall Drink all Night and charm the Hours,
 With *Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.*

Ye cunning Rogue this weedling talk;
 You fancy will rub out my Chalk;
 But I your fly design will baulk,
 When you to Jayl I draw:
 Your boasted Song's a foolish thing,
 For do but you the Money bring;
 You'll find I can already Sing,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.

Sharp.

Hoff.

N. 5



Sharp. Well since Dame Fortune is my Foe,
And that I must to Prison go;
Let's have a Neat frisk or so,
And then rub on the Law :
Hoff. Well since you're on the merry Pin,
And make so slight the Counter-Gin ;
I'll do't, and let the Tune begin,
With *Fa, la, &c.*

They D A N C E.

Sharp. *Hoff.*

Sharp.

Hoff.

Sharp.

Horf.

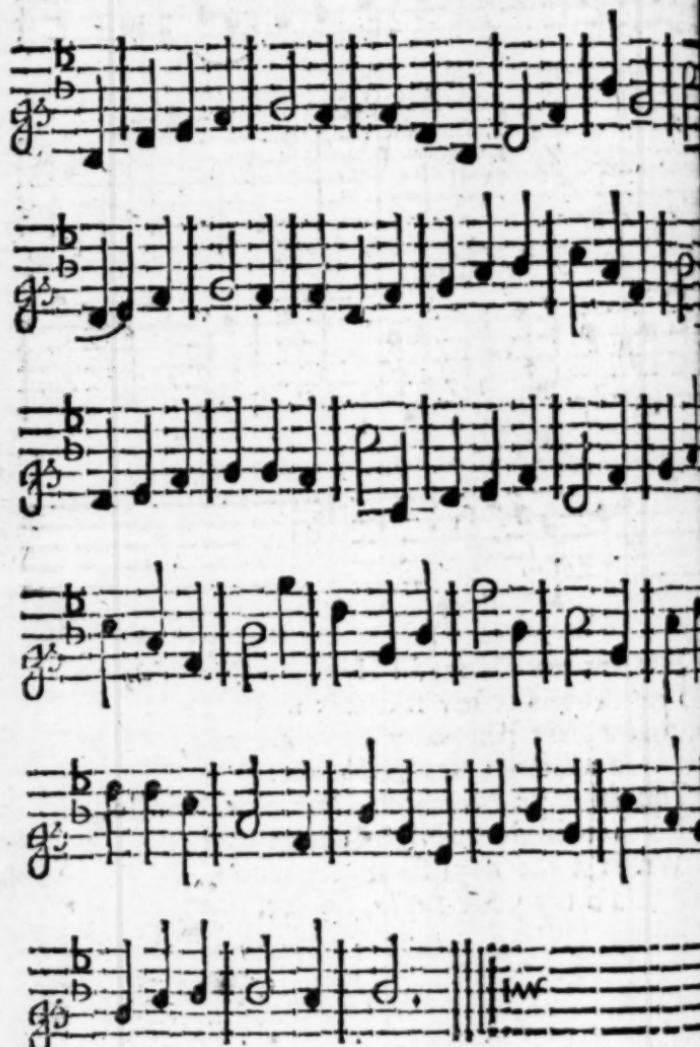


Has not my Dance ill Humour Charm'd,
I must confess my Blood is warm'd :
And Heart I hope by Love alarm'd,
To Laugh Ha, ha, ha, ha :
You think you've catch'd me now I smile,
No that i'll do at Night dear Child ;
Well I'll the Bayliffs stop a while,
To try your Fa, la, la, &c.



The

*The Winchester Wedding; or Ralph of Redding
and black Bess of the Green.*



AT Winchester was a Wedding,
The like was never seen,
Twixt lusty Ralph of Redding,
And bonny black Bess of the Green :

The Fidlers were Croudng before,
Each Lass was as fine as a Queen ;
There was a Hundred and more,
For all the Country came in :
Old Robin led Rose so fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o'th' Vale ;
Old Ruddy Fac'd Harry led Mary,
And Roger led bouncing Nell.

With Tommy came smiling Katy,
He help'd her over the Stile ;
And swore there was none so pretty,
In forty, and forty long Mile :
He gave a Green-Gown to Betty,
And lent her his Hand to rife ;
But Jenny was jeer'd by Watty,
For looking blue under the Eyes :
Thus merrily Chatting all,
They pass'd to the Bride-house along ;
With Johnny and pretty fac'd Nanny,
The fairest of all the throng.

The Bride came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was spoil'd ;
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With Bak'd, and Roasted, and Boil'd :
The Lads were so frolick and jolly,
For each had his Love by his side ;
But Willy was Melancholy,
For he had a Mind to the Bride :
When Philip begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glass on his Thumb ;
But Jenkin was reckon'd for Drinking,
The best in Christendom.

And now they had Din'd, advancing
Into the midst of the Hall ;
The Fidlers struck up for Dancing,
And Jeremy led up the Brawl :
But Margery kept a quarter,
A Lass that was proud of her Pelf,
Cause Arthur had stolen her Garter,
And swore he would tie it himself : .

She

She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,
 And ready with Anger to cry;
 'Cause *Arthur* with tying her Garter,
 Had slip'd his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,
 The Bride away was led;
 The Bridegroom got Drunk and was knocking,
 For Candles to light 'em to Bed:
 But *Robin* that found him Silly,
 Most friendly took him aside;
 The while that his *Wife* with *Willy*,
 Was playing at *Hoopers-hide*:
 And now the warm Game begins,
 The Critical Minute was come;
 And chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,
 Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
 And blith as a Bird in the Spring;
 And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,
 And Wedded her with a *Rush Ring*:
Sukey that Danc'd with the *Cushion*,
 An Hour from the Room had been gone;
 And *Barnaby* knew by her Blushing,
 That some other Dance had been done:
 And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
 That came to the Wedding with Men;
 Scarce Five of the Fifty was left ye,
 That so did return again.



SONG, Sung by a Fop newly come from France:



H! *Phillis* why are you less tender,
To my despairing *Amore*!
our Heart you have promis'd to tender,
Do not deny the *Retour*:
My Passion I cannot defender,
No, no Torments encrease *tous les Jour*.

To forget your kind Slave is cruelle,
Can you expect my *Devoir*;
ince *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at every *Revoir*!
These Eyes which were once *agreeable*,
Now, now are Fountains of black *Des espoire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,
Adieu *les Plaisirs des beaux Jours* ;
My *Phillis* appears at *distance*,
And flights my unfeigned *Efforts*:
To return to her *Vows impossible*,
No, no adieu to the *Cheats of Amours*.

A SONG.



Great Jove once made Love like a Bull, (a Bull)
With Leda a Swan was in Vogue ;
And to persevere in that Rule, (that Rule)
He now does Descend like a Dog :

For

when I to Celia would speak,
And on her Breast sigh what I mean;
Heart-Strings are ready to break,
For their I find Mounseur *Le Chien*, (*Le Chien*,)
Le Chien, Mounseur, Mounseur *Le Chien*.)

knowledge of Modish Intrigues,
Or managing well an Amour ;
See any one with two Legs,
But here I am Rivall'd by four :
Tracted all Night with my Wrongs,
Cry, Cruel Gods! what d'ye mean!
See what to my Merit belongs,
You bestow upon Mounseur *Le Chien*.

Feature, or Niceness in Dres's,
Compare with him surely I can ;
Vainly my self should express,
To say, I am much more a Man ;
Th' Government firm too as he,
The former I cunningly mean ;
If he Religious can be,
I've as much sure as Mounseur *Le Chien*.

what need I publish my Parts,
Or Idly my Passion relate ;
See Fancy that Captivates Hearts,
Deserves not to alter my Fate :
Say Sing, Caper, Ogle, and Speak,
And make a long Courr, *Ausi bien*,
Yet with one Passionate Lick,
Am out-Rivall'd by Mounseur *Le Chien*.



A SONG.





E A R Pinckaninny, if half a Guinny,
To Love will win ye,
I lay it here down;
must be Thrifty,
will serve to shift ye,
d I know Fifty,
Will do't for a Crown.

mons come so boldly,
ng's Money so slowly,
ur by all things Holy,
'Tis all I can say ;
I'm so rapt in,
e Snare that I'm trapt in,
I'm a true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

od Captain Thunder,
mind your Plunder,
ns I wonder,
You dare be so bold ;
us to be making,
Treaty so sneaking,
Dream too of taking,
My Fort with small Gold.

er Town Misses,
y gape at Ten Pieces,
t who me possesses,
Full Twenty shall Pay ;
all poor Rogues in Buff,
us, thus I strut and huff,
Captain kick and cuff,
March on your way.

A two Part SONG: Being part of an ODE
Made to Entertain the Nobility and Gentry
the County of York. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell





ND in each track of Glory, since,
And in each track of Glory, since ;
or their lov'd Country, or their Prince.
Princes that hate, that hate *Rome's Tyranny*,
and joyn the Nations right, with their own Royalty :
none were more ready, none were more ready,
none, none, none, none, none were more ready
In Distress to Save ;
none were more Loyal, none, ::::: ::::: ::::: :::::
None were more Loyal, none, none more Brave.

A

A Prophetick SONNET, On the Enſe
Campaign: Made to encourage the Officers &
Soldiers. To a pretty Trumpet-Tune.





O W, now Winter is retreating,
Hark, hark the Martial Drum is beating;
smiles upon the Glorious Year,
destin'd for Proud France to fear:
Thunders shall shake with Marlborough's Thunders,
is too where Staremberg did Wonders,
ight of some late unlucky blunders;
the taking of Girrone March,
ch, begin the Seige of Arras,
en, then lead on your way to Paris;
e'sieur you'll confound,
Philip must in course go down.

else, cease Britifh Men your jangling,
ut harms befall us by your wrangling;
nk feuds encourage still the Foe,
uelse might quickly overthrow:
n all, let Royal Anna charm ye,
means to pay the Fleet and Army;
pow'r of bragging France will harm ye,
Tho' Te Deums never cease;
o'tho' with Boyish crowds they threaten,
know their Marshalls can be beaten;
Conquests will increase,
And soon we shall command a Peace.

Second Movement.





But if we squable and brawl,
 And daily to difference fall ;
 If Jarr in our Votes,
 As Ranters, and Canters,
 And Thy Church, and my Church,
 We're ready for Cutting of Throats ;
 Then as plainly will be seen,
 Our losses begins with shame,
 And tease the Gracious Queen :
 Ah, how will France delight in't,
 Who'll go to Spain, to Fight in't ,
 Lifters and Shifters,
 Press Masters may follow and seize in vain,
 No good luck follows Waring,
 Where the Natives are Jarring ;
 Then happily let us agree, and have at the Many (ag

A SONG.



Jockey was a dawdy Lad,
And Jemmy swarth and Tawney ;
They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to Sawney :
Jockey Woes, and Sighs and Sues,
And Jemmy offers Money ;
Weel I see they both love me,
But I love only Sawney.

Jockey high his Voice can raise,
And Jemmy tunes the Viol ;
But when Sawney Pipes sweet Lays,
My Heart kens no denial :
One he Sings, and to'ther Strings,
Tho' sweet, yet only tease me ;
Sawney's Flute, can only do't,
And Pipe a Tune to please me.

O

A

A Catch for Three Voices, Set by Mr. Hen. Purcell. Translated from the Latin of Buchan.





Oung Collis, cleaving of a Beam,
At ev'ry Thumping, thumping blow cry'd hem;
ad told his Wife, and told his Wife,
told his Wife who the Cause would know,
Hem made the Wedge much further go;
up Joan, when at Night to Bed they came,
both were Playing at that same;
Hem, hem, hem prithee, prithee, prithee Collis do,
er thou lov'dst me, Dear hem now;
Laughing answer'd no, no, no,
Work will Split, will split with half a blow;
es now I Bore, now I bore, now I bore,
now, now I bore,
m when I Cleave, but now I Bore.

A SONG.

Hr.

A musical score for a song, featuring four staves of music. The first staff is labeled 'Hr.' and has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The second staff is labeled 'S.' and has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The third staff is labeled 'Sbe.' and has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The fourth staff is labeled 'S.' and has a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

C H O R U S.

The chorus section of the musical score, which consists of two staves. Both staves have a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef, and the bottom staff uses an alto C-clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.



10. Come Jug, my Honey, let's to bed,
It is no Sin, sin we are wed;
For when I am near thee by desire,
I burn like any Coal of Fire.

To quench thy Flames I'll soon agree,
Thou art the Sun, and I the Sea;
All Night within my Arms shalt be,
And rise each Morn as fresh as he.

10. Come on then, and couple together,
Come all, the Old and the Young,
The Short and the Tall;
The richer than Croesus,
And poorer than Job,
For 'tis Wedding and Bedding,
That Peoples the Globe.

My Heart and all's at thy command,
And tho' I've never a Foot of Land,
Yet six fat Ewes, and one milch Cow,
I think, my Jug, is Wealth enow.
A Wheel, six Platters and a Spoon,
A Jacket edg'd with blue Galloon;
My Coat, my Smock is thine, and shall
And something under best of all.

10. Come on then, &c.

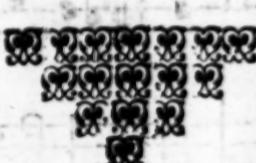
A Scotch SONG.

E'll take the War, that hurry'd *Willy* from me,
Who to love me, just had sworn,
They made him Captain sure to undo me,
Woe is me, he'll ne'er return;
thousand Loons abroad will Fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run;
y and Night I did invite,
To stay safe from the Sword and Gun:

I us'd alluring Graces,
With muckle kind Embraces,
Now sighing, then Crying, Tears dropping fall;
And had he my soft Arms,
Preferr'd to Wars alarms:
Love grown Mad, without the Man of Gad,
Scar in my fit, I had grented all.

Wash'd and Patch'd to make me look provoking,
Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men;
And on my Head a huge Commode sat cocking,
Which made me shew as Tall agen:
A new Gown too, I paid muckle Money,
Waich with golden Flowers did shine;
Love well might think me gay, and Bonny,
No Scotch Lass was e'er so Fine.

My Petticoat I Spotted,
Fring too with Thread I Knotted,
Shoes, and Silk Hose, Garter full over Knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To *Willy* these are nougnt,
To rid to Towns, and Riffled with Dragoons,
Then he silly Loon might have Plunder'd me.



A SONG.





HOW vile are the Sordid Intrigues of the Town,
Cheating and Lying continually sway ;
From Bully and Punk, to the Politick Gown,
In Plotting and Setting, they waste the Day :
All their Discourse is of Foreign Affairs,
The French and the Wars is always the cry ;
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay, tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
Curse of this Jarring, what luck have I.

Hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
Into my Conjugal Fetter to bring ;
Planted my snare too, for one lov'd Arms,
But found his design was another thing :
From the Court Province, down to the dull Citts,
Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy ;
Marriage alas is declining,
Nay, tho' a poor Virgin lies pining,
A pox of the *Monsieur*, what luck have I.



3

O 5

Hampton

Hampton Court, a new Song. To a pretty
Tune, made by a Person of Quality.





Where divine *Gloriana*, her Palace late rear'd,
And the choicest delights, Art and Nature prepar'd,
On the bank of sweet *Thames*, gently gliding along ;
The Love-sick *Philander* sat down and thus Sang ;
More happy than yet any place was before,
Thou dear-blest resemblance of her I adore ;
All Eyes are delighted with prospect of thee,
Thou charm'st ev'ry Sense, thou charm'st ev'ry Sense,
Ah ! just so does she.

As the River's clear Waves *Zephyr* softly does rowl,
So her breath moves the Passions, that flow in my Soul ;
As the *Trees* by the *Sun*, feel a nourishing joy :
So my Heart is refresh'd by a glance from her Eye :
The Birds pretty Notes, we still hear when she speaks ;
And the sweetest of Gardens, still blooms in her Cheeks ;
Had I that dear bliss, for no other I'd sue ;
Who enjoys this sweet *Eve*, who enjoys this sweet *Eve*,
Has all Paradise too.

A SONG on the Victory over the Turks.

Hark the thundring Cannons roar,
Ecchoing from the German shore,
And the joyful News comes o'er;
The Turks are all confounded?
Lorrain comes, they run, they run,
Charge your Horse thro' the grand half Moon,
We'll Quarter give to none,
Since Staremberg is wounded.

Close your rank, and each brave soul
Take a lusty flowing bowl,
A grand carouse to the Royal Pole,
The Empires braye defender;

No Man leave his post by stealth,
Under the *Grand Vizier's* wealth,
But drink a Helmet full to th' Health,
Of the second *Alexander*.

A sobermet was a sober dog,
Small-beer, drowzy, senseless Rogue,
Whi' juice of the Grape so much in vogue,
To forbid to those adore him ;
Had he but allow'd the Vine,
Even 'em leave to carouse in Wine,
The Turk had safely past the Rhine,
And conquer'd all before him.

With dull *Tea* they fought in vain,
Hopeless *Vi&t'ry* to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry Vein ;
Success must needs attend him ;
Our Brains (like our Cannons) warm,
With often firing feels no harm,
While the Sober sot flies the alarm,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

Christians thus with conquest crown'd
In quest with the *Glass* goes round,
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground,
Against the force of *Claret* :
Whilst we give them thus the Foil,
And the *Pagan Troops* recoil,
The Valiant *Poles* divide the spoil,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

Infidels are now o'ercome,
At the most Christian Turk's at home,
Watching the fate of Christendom,
But all his hopes are shallow ;
Since the *Poles* have led the Dance,
Let English *Caesar* now advance,
And if he sends a Fleet to *France*,
He's a *VVig* that will not follow.

An ODE to Cynthia walking on Richmond
Hill. Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

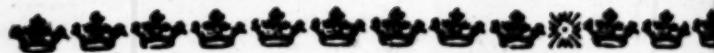




ON the Brow of *Richmond Hill*,
Which *Europe* scarce can parallel,
Ivy Eye such Wonders fill,
To view the Prospect round;
By whose fair Fruitful side,
The Silver *Thames* does softly glide,
Meadows dress'd in Summers Pride,
With verdant Beauties Crown'd:
Lovely *Cynthia* passing by,
With brighter Glories blest my Eye,
Ah! then in vain, in vain said I,
The Fields and Flowers do shine:
Nature in this Charming Place,
Created Pleasure in Excess,
But all are Poor to *Cynthia's* Face,
Whose Features are Divine.

See

See the Beauteous River run,
 See every Billow Rowling on,
 Trees and flowers Court the Sun,
 In yonder shady Wood,
 But when *Cynthia* does appear,
 To bless my Eyes with all that's fair,
 Ah! what Beauty can compare
 To Charming Flesh and Blood ;
 Nature all her Rural Joys,
 At large exposes to our Eyes,
 But Hills and Valleys, Air and Skyes
 Henceforth let fools admire ;
Cynthia that my Life may be,
 Crown'd with true felicity,
 Let my Prospect still be thee
 No other I'll desire.



A Scotch SONG.





Ads and Lasses Blith and Gay,
Hear what my Song discloses,
I one Morning sleeping lay,
Upon a bank of Roles:
By ganging out his Gate,
By geud luck chanc'd to spy me ;
And pulling Bonnet from his Pate,
He softly lay down by me.

By tho' I muckle priz'd,
Yet now I wou'd not know him ;
I made a Frown my Face disguis'd,
And from me strove to throw him :
But he still nearer prest,
Upon my Bosom lying ;
My beating Heart too thump'd so fast,
I thought the Loon was dying.

Resolving to deny,
An angry Passion feigning ;
Often roughly push'd him by,
With words full of disdaining :
My baulk'd no favour wins,
Went off so discontented ;
But I geud faith for all my Sins,
Ne'er half so much Repented.

A Scotch SONG.



IN January last, on Munday at Morn,
As I along the Fields did pass to view the Winter
I leaked me behind, and I saw come over the Knough
Yan glenting in an Apron with bonny brent Brow.

bid gud Morrow fair Maid, and she right courteouslie,
slekt lew and fine, kind Sir, she said, gad day agen to ye;
I spear'd o her, fair Maid quo I, how far intend ye now?
quo she, I mean a Mile or twa, to yonder bonny brow.

Sir Maid, I'm weel contented to have sike Company,
or I am ganging out the Gate that ya intend ta be;
When we had walk'd a Mile or twa, Ize said to her, my
(Doe,
ay I not dight your Apron fine, kis your bonny brow.

ea, gud Sir, you are far misteen, for I am nean o' those,
hope ya ha more Breeding then to dight a Womans
(Cloaths;
or I've a better chosen than any sike as you,
Who boldly may my Apron dight and kis ma bonny
(brew.

h, if ya are contracted, I have ne mar to say,
uther than be rejected, I will give o'er the play;
nd I will chose yen o me own that shall not on me rew;
Will boldly let me dight her Apron, kis her bonny brow.

ir, Ize see ya are proud-hearted, and leath to be said nay,
ou need not tall ha started, for eight that Ize ded say;
ou know Wemun for Modestie, ne at the first time boo,
ut, gif we like your Company, we are as kind as you.



But I wiold dight yowis O valT
The

The Nurses SONG.

M Y dear Cock adoodle,
My Jewel, my Joy ;
My Darling, my Honey,
My Pretty sweet Boy :
Before I do Rock thee,
With soft Lul-la-by ;
Give me thy sweet Lips,
To be Kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

Thy Charming high Fore-head,
Thy Eyes too like Sloes ;
Thy fine Dimple Chin,
And thy right Roman Nose :

With some pretty marks,
That lie under thy Cloaths ;
Are thou'l be a rare one,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.

To make thee grow quickly,
I'll do what I can :
I Feed thee, I'll Stroak thee,
I'll make thee a Man :
Ah ! then how the Lasses,
Moll, Betsy and Nan ;
Thee will run Mad,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.

And when in due Season,
My Billy shall Wed ;
And Lead a young Lady,
From Church to the Bed :
Welfare the loosing,
Of her Maiden-Head ;
Billy come near her,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.

Then Welfare high Fore-head,
And Eyes black as Sloes ;
And Welfare the Dimple,
And Welfare the Nose :
And all pretty Marks,
That lie under the Cloaths ;
Or none is more hopeful,
To Kiss, kiss, &c.



*A New SONG.**Set by Mr J. Clarke.*



Ark the Cock crow'd, 'tis Day all abroad,
And looks like a jolly fair morning ;
Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,
Up quickly to carry the Corn in :
y the drowsy and Barnaby bowzy,
Breakfast we'll flout and we'll year boys ;
gards shall chatter with Small-beer and Water,
Whilst you shall tope off the March beer, Boys.

ses that Snore for shame give it o'er,
outh open the Flies will be blowing ;
get us stout Hum when Christmas is come,
way where the Barly is Mowing :
our Smock sleeves too, go bind up the Sheaves too,
With nimble young Rowland and Harry ;
en when work's over, at Night give each Lover,
A Hugg and a Buff in the Dairy.

o for the Mow, and two for the Plow,
then the next labour comes after ;
sure I hired four, but if you want more,
I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter :
the trusty, tell Rachel the lusty,
The Barn's a brave place to steal Garters ;
wixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow then,
And take it at Night for your Quarters,

A SONG.

Rif

RISE Bonny Kate, the Sun's got up high,
The Fidlers have play'd their last merry Tune;
It's give 'em a George and bid 'em god b'w'y,
And gang to the Wells before 'tis noon.

Here to thy Health ize drink my three quarts,
Then raffle among the Beauties divine;
Here tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts,
Assure thy self Jockey's shall still be thine.

When we come home we'll kiss and we'll bill,
And Feast on each other-as well as our meat;
Then saddle our Nags and away to Box-hill,
And there, there, there, consummate the Treat.

And when at Bowls I chance to be broke,
Smile thou, and for losses I care not a pin;
I push on my Fortune at Night at the Oak,
And quickly, quickly, quickly, recov'r all agen.

For thy diversion coud'st thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spight of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The Men of the Sword, and Men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

New Marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each Morning quaff largely in hopes to conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

Old musty Wives take Nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes five too, that's vex'd with her Greens;
hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever she comes to her Teens.

A SONG.





Oyal and fair, great *Willy*'s dear Blessing,
The Charming Regent of the Swains;
Heavy with Care, thus sadly expressing
Her Grief, sat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate exalt me so high,
Fading State must deprive me of Joy;
Since *Willy* is gone,
Ah! How vainly shines the Sun,
Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
Waft, waft him to me.

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;
There ravenous Wolves too fain would be Masters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold:
They, while here, secur'd me from fear,
The Wild Herd stood in awe of my Dear;
But poor helpless I,
Mourning Sigh and hourly Cry,
Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea,
Waft *Willy* to me.

A SONG.



Sawney was tall and of Noble Race,
And lov'd me better than any eane ;
But now he ligs by another Laſt,
And Sawney will ne'er be my love agen :
I gave him fine Scotch Sarke and Band,
But 'em on with mine own hand ;
I gave him House, and I gave him Land,
Yet Sawney will ne'er be my Love agen.

I robb'd the Groves of all their store,
And Nosegays made to give Sawney one ;
I kiss'd my Breast and feign would do mere,
I feud feth me thought he was a bonny one :
I squeezez'd my fingers, grasp'd my knee,
I carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
I sigh'd and languish'd to lig by me,
Yet now he wo'not be my Love agen,

I Bongrace and my Sun-burnt-face,
He prais'd, and also my Russet Gown ;
But now he doats on the Copper Lace,
Of some leud Quean of London Town :
She gangs and gives her Curds and Cream,
Whilſt I poor Soul sit fighing at heam,
And near joy Sawney unless in a Dream,
For now he ne'er will be my Love again.



A SONG





TWas when the Sheep were Shearing,
And under the Barly Mow;
ick gave to Doll a Fairing,
As she had milk'd her Cow:
quoth he, I fain wou'd Wed thee,
And tho' I cannot Wooe;
ve Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy;
Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
ing, ah! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now?
I long Sweet-heart to Bed thee,
nd merrily Buckle too,
With Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy;
Sing, shall I come Kiss thee now,
ing ah! shall I come, shall I come Kiss thee now?

ll seem'd not to regard him,
As if she did not care;
et Simper'd when she heard him,
Like any Miller's Mare:
nd cunningly to prove him,
And Value her Maiden-head,
ry'd fie, nay Pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by,
For I am too young to Wed;
he said, she ne'er cou'd Love him,
Nor any Man close in Bed;
Then fie Pish, fie, nay Pish, nay prithee stand by,
For I am too young to Wed.

Like one that's struck with Thunder,
Stood Dickey to hear her talk;
All hopes to get her under,
This sad rejoyce did baulk:

At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Shrew ;
 For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kils thee now ?
 In Loving Arms did fold her,
 E'er Sneak, and Cringe, and Cry ;
 With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy,
 Sing, shall I come Kils thee now.

Convinc'd of her Coy folly,
 And stubborn Female will ;
 Poor Doll grew Melancholy,
 The Grist went by her Mill :
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser,
 Then credit what I have said ;
 Tho' I do cry nay fie, and pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to Wed ;
 Bring you the Church adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed ;
 Then try, tho' I cry, fie and pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to Wed.

A SONG.



HE Sun had loos'd his weary Team,
 And turn'd his Steeds a grazing;
 En Fathoms deep in *Neptunes* Stream,
 His *Thetis* was embracing:
 The Stars they tripp'd in the Firmament,
 Like Milkmaids on a *May-day*;
 Country Lasses a Mumming sent;
 Or School Boys on a Play-day.

pace came on the grey-ey'd Morn,
 The Herds in Fields were lowing;
 And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,
 The Ploughman's Cock late crowing:
 When *Roger* dreaming of Golden Joys,
 Was wak'd by a bawling Rout, Sir;
 For *Cisly* told him, he needs must rise,
 His *Juggy* was crying out, Sir.

by, Not half so quickly the Cups go round,
 At the tapping a good Ale Firkin;
 As *Roger*, *Hosen* and *Shoon* had found,
 And Button'd his Leather Jerkin:
 Gray Mare was faddl'd with wond'rous speed,
 With Pillion on Buttock right Sir;
 And thus he to an old Midwife ride,
 To bring the poor Kid to light, Sir.

— Up, up dear Mother, then *Roger* crys,
 The Fruit of my Labour's now come;
 In *Juggy*'s Belly it sprawling lies,
 And cannot get out till you come:
 I'll help it, crys the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
 Thy *Jug* shall be well again, Boy;
 I'll get the Urchin as safely out,
 As ever it did get in, Boy.

The Mare now bustles with all her feet,
 No whipping or Spurs were wanting;
 At last into the good House they get,
 And *Mew*, soon cry'd the bantling:

A Female Chit so small was born,
They put it into a Flagon ;
And must be Christen'd that very Morn,
For fear it should die a *Pagan*.

Now *Roger* struts about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of *Conde* ;
The Midwife crys, her Parts are small,
But they will grow larger one day :
What tho' her Thighs and Legs lie close,
And little as any Spider ;
They will when up to her teens she grows,
By grace of the Lord lie wider.

And now the merry Spic'd-bowls went round,
The Gossips were void of shame too ;
In butter'd Ale the Priest half drown'd,
Demands the Infant's Name too ;
Some call'd it *Phill*, some *Florida*,
But *Kate* was allow'd the best hin't ;
For she would have it *Cunicula*,
Cause there was a pretty Jeſt in't.

Thus *Cunny* of *Winchester* was known
And famous in *Kent* and *Dover* ;
And highly rated in *London Town*,
And courted the Kingdom over :
The Charms of *Cunny* by Sea and Land,
Subdues each human Creature ;
And will our stubborn Hearts command,
Whilſt there is a Man in Nature.



A SONG.



Oy to the Bridegroom ! fill the Sky
 With pleasing sounds of welcome Joy :
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every Day still prove like this.
 Joy to the, &c.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But where two constant Hearts Combine ;
 He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
 Like sick Men taste, but cannot eat.
 He that, &c.

What is a Maiden-head ? ah what ?
 Of which weak Fools so often prate ?
 'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 'Tis the, &c.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
 And its Confusion here I'll drink ;
 And he that baulks the Health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be D —
 And he that, &c.

A SONG.



THE Night her blackest Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
Than those in *Stella's* Eyes:
When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
And Shrowded only with her Smock,
The fair one let me in.

But lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling lay ashame'd ;
Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face;
And every touch inflam'd :
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win ;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

Then ! then ! beyond expressing,
Immortal was the Joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So great a God was I :
And she transported with delight,
Oft pray'd me come again ;
And kindly vow'd that every Night,
She'd rise and let me in.

But, oh ! at last she prov'd with Bern,
And sighing sat and dull ;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd then just like a Fool :
Her lovely Eyes with tears run o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin ;
She sigh'd and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er She let me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part ;
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart :
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again ;
And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
That e'er she let me in.

A Scotch SONG.



'TWO

I Was within a Furlong of *Edinborough Town*,
In the Rosetime of year when the Grass was down;
Bonny *Jockey* Blith and Gay,
Said to *Jenny* making Hay,
Let's sit a little (Dear) and prattle,
'Tis a sultry Day :
I long had Courted the Black-Brow'd Maid,
But *Jockey* was a Wag and would ne'er consent to Wed ;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry out it will not do,
cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, monnot Buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
And that no one Wedded now, but the Scoundrel Folk :
Yet my dear, thou shouldest prevail,
But I know not what I ail,
Shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,
With Bottles at their Tail ;
But I'll give thee Gloves, and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-Foal, to ride out and take the Air ;
If thou ne'er will pish nor phoo, and cry it ne'er shall do,
cannot, cannot, &c.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd she, I believe,
But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give ;
When my Maiden Treasure's gone,
I must gang to *London Town*,
And Roar, and Rant, and Patch and Paint,
And Kiss for half a Crown :
Each Drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
And earn an hated Living in an odious Fulsum way ;
No, no, it ne'er shall do, for a Wife I'll be to you .
Or I cannot, cannot, &c.

A SONG.

Dryden.

Chloe found Amyntas lying,
All in Tears upon the Plain :
Lighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain !
Kiss me, kiss me, Dear, before my Dying ;
Kiss me once and eas'e my pain.

Lighing to himself and crying,
Wretched I to love in vain ;
Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithful Swain :
Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once and eas'e my pain.

Ever scorning and denying,
To reward your faithful Swain ;
She, laughing at his crying,
Told him that he Lov'd in vain ;
Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying,
Kiss me once and eas'e my pain.

She laughing at his crying,
Told him that he lov'd in vain ;
Repenting and Complying,
When He Kiss'd, She Kiss'd again :
Lid him up before his Dying,
Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.



*A New Scotch S O N G, or a
Game at Pam.*



WHEN *Phillida* with *Jockey* play'd at *Pam*,
The bonny Lad nea whit cou'd heed his Game;
At sighing in his doleful dumps,
Heuk'd at her and lost his Trumps,
Ah! a blither sport was *Jockey*'s chief Aim :

Those bright Eyes,

The Loon Heart wounded cries,

Welladay, dear *Phillida*,

And yet destroy me,

Ne'er win by Mournival or blaze,

Conquering Knave whilst on my Queen I gaze.

With *Phillida* with Beauty, Wit, and Art,
Money won, who had before his Heart;
Until the laughing God of Love,
Pack'd the Cards and made 'em prove,
Combin'd to take poor *Jockey*'s weak part :

No kind Knave,

The Charmer now cou'd have,

Lover too, Recover'd too,

More than lost before too,

All to please them love chang'd the wrangling Game,

Wedlock Joys, and *Jockey* was her *Pam*.

A SONG.



To

TO Horse, brave boys of *Newmarket*, to Horse,
You'll lose the Match by longer delaying ;
The Gelding just now was led over the Course,
I think the Devil's in you for staying :
Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
Bets may recover all lost at the Groom-Porters ;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
Take the odds and then you'll be rich.

For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blew bonnet ride,
And hold a thousand Pounds of his side, Sir ;
Dragon would scow'r it, but *Dragon* grows old ;
He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
As lately he could :
Age, age, does hinder the Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and see,
See the Horse lead the way still ;
Three lengths before at the turning the Lands,
Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay still :
Pox on the Devil, I fear we have lost,
For the Dog, the *Blue Bonnet*, has run it,
A Plague light upon it,
The wrong side the Post ;
Odsounds, was ever such Fortune.



A SONG.



WHEN first *Amyntas* su'd for a Kiss,
My innocent Heart was tender;
That tho' I push'd him away from the bliss,
My Eyes declar'd my Heart was won :
fain an artful Coyneis wou'd use,
Before I the Fort did Surrender :
But Love wou'd suffer no more such abuse,
And soon, alas! my cheat was known :
He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
A thousand pretty things would say ;
My hand he'd squeez, and press my knees,
Till farther on he got by degrees.

My Heart, just like a Vessel at Sea,
Wou'd toss when *Amyntas* was near me ;
But ah! so cunning a Pilot was he,
Thro' Doubts and Fears he'd still sail on :
I thought in him no danger cou'd be,
Too wisely he knows how to steer me ;
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,
To tast of Joys before unknown :
Well might he boast his Pain not lost,
For soon he found the Golden Coast ;
Enjoy'd the Oar, and 'tach'd the shore,
Where never Merchant went before.

*A Mock to the foregoing SONG: When first I
myntas fud for a Kiss, &c.*

A Minta one Night had occasion to P — Is,
Jean reach'd her the Pot that stood by her;
 I in the next Chamber could hear it to his,
 The Sluice was small, but Stream was strong:
 My Soul was melting, thinking of bliss,
 And raving I lay with desire;
 But nought could be done,
 For alas she P — d on,
 Nor car'd for Pangs I suffer'd long :
Jean next made hast,
 In the self same Case;
 To fix the Pot close to her own A — ;
 Then Floods did come,
 One might have swom,
 And puff a Whirl-wind flew from her B — .

Says *Jean*, by these strange Blasts that do rise,
 I gues that the Night will grow windy ;
 For when such Showers do fall from the skies,
 To clear the Air the North-wind blows :
 Ye nasty Quean, her Lady replies,
 That Tempest broke out from behind ye ;
 And though it was decently kept from my Eyes,
 The troubled Air offends my Nose :
 Says *Jean* 'ods-heart,
 You have P — d a Quart,
 And now you make ado for a F — t ;
 'Tis still your mind,
 To squeeze behind,
 But never fell Shower from me without wind.

Orations, Poems, Prologues, and Epilogues on several Occasions.

A Poetical Oration,

Written in Queen ANN's Reign, in Honour of the Ladies, intended for a New Comedy call'd, a Wife worth a Kingdom: And Spoken by me on the Publick THEATRE in DRURY LANE, June the 7th, 1714.

N this wise Town two Games precedence get,
The Game of Politicks, the Game of Wit;
the first, the Heads profound, wth Art pursue,
ut since with State Affairs, I've nought to do, }
leave that Winning for the Lord knows who:
the Game of Wit suits more my own Affair,
ime was an Author in an Elbow Chair,
ate on the Stage as Judge, find fault, who dare?
ut now (tis hard) that things should alter so,
oor I stand here, with Posture humbly low:
o beg each Tyrant Critick, not to be my Fee,
my own Person sue, to change the mood,
hich truly I should blush for, if I could:
et Parent Thepis, oft harangu'd the Throng,
nd to Augustus, tuneful Ovid sung;
or did fam'd Shakespear Buskin'd here, his noble Ge-
nius wrong,
honour of bright Beauty then I come,
o entertain the Fair, now thus presume;

Smile you, and dart an influencing Ray,
I shall perform as once, when Young and Gay :
Oh Heaven ! that Ray's enough to fix Renown,
On envious Carpers now I dare look down ;
I have wrought a Miracle upon my Tongue,
From charming Eyes, first Elocution sprung :
I, that through Imperfection, Fear, or Shame,
Could never utter to Great CHARLES my Name ;
Oh pow'r of Beauty ! now my Soul can raise,
To speak a long Oration, in your Praise :
The Play too will I hope, meet some Esteem,
One thing I'm sure of, 'tis a glorious Theam ;
A Wife, in full perfection of the sort,
It reaches the bright Zenith of the Court :
Puts ye in mind of Sacred Majesty,
Who wears that Title, in most high degree ;
For search the spacious Globe, there will be seen,
Never a better Wife, never so good a Queen :
You Ladies the next Prize your own may call,
Since with her Lustre guilt, you glitter all,
Transfixt in that bright Sphere, and ne'er to fall ;
So when the dazzling Sovereign of the Night,
Decks the Horizon with her glorious Light :
Th' attending Planets round her brightly burn,
And by Example glitter in their turn ;
So much that part, now to another thing,
A brace of Fops too here I nicely bring,
One has a Trick to Lisp, and one to Sing :
Full of themselves, think half the World adore 'em
And that all Womankind must fall before 'em ;
When simple Creatures the good Housewife hear,
Values a sneaking look, a subtle Tear,
A Feast of Oaths, and Vows, cook'd up with Art,
With a neat Dish of Lyes for a Desert ;
No more than a grand Courtier, high in Grace,
A Complimenting Friend, that wants a Place :
Yet must dear Self-conceit, frail Nature share,
How many frowzy Pates, Humps, Scrubs, alas there
are, of the Fair
Who vainly think themselves like these, the Victor with

With them some other Comick parts you'll view,
Leasant I think, would you would be so too;
Tis then on generous Favour I rely,
And since the Winter of my time draws nigh:
That can't such Fruits and Flowers to treat ye bring,
As us'd to deck my Summer, and my Spring;
Accept with Candor now this mean repast,
Add one Indulgence more to Crown the rest,
With this regard, that it may be your last.

An ORATION

*Address'd to the KING, the PRINCE and PRINCESS:
And on the glorious Advantage of UNION and
AMITY, Written and spoken by me on the Publick
Theatre in DRURY LANE, June the 3d, 1714.*

WHEN the new World, all Laws divine with-
(stood,
nd Heaven to purge it of that Impious brood,
ow'r'd down it's Vengeance in th' o'erwhelming
(Flood,
e'cmmissive Duty in the few were spar'd,
hose constant Prayers and Vows were daily heard ;
ound gracious means to quel Celestial Rage,
nd Time and Nature form'd a Golden Age :
hen *Bards* and *Prophets*, that from Heroes sprung,
Sacred Genius all Inspiring sung ;
since Indulgent Heaven has once again,
creed our future Blessings to maintain,
a long Series of great George's Reign.
mongst the rest that found his Praife with Joy,
oud that I can so well my Verse employ,
ctors with Loyal grateful duty Charm'd am I :

I that my comick Prose and Lyrick Rhime,
 Had quite resign'd to the decays of Time ;
 Now prune my drooping Wings that flagg'd be-
 By his great Theam inspir'd, aloft I soar : (fore,
 And with new Vigour court the *Muse* once more :
 The *Muse* that Sings, how *Britain* in distres,
 Has in her Royal Guardian found redress ;
 Sees a fam'd Heroe, in her awful Lord,
 Ready in shining Arms to weild his Sword,
 In brave defence of Right, by Providence restor'd :

And as in Fable, when the *Brutes* made War,
 When stubborn Factions with Intestine Jar ;
 Rashly resolv'd each other to oppose,
 Tumultuous crowds about Succession rose :
 But when they would a lawless Heir impose ,
 The Sovereign Lion, the bold Parties aw'd,
 Controul'd his Foes at home, and those abroad ;
 Proclaim'd his Right, prov'd his vindictive Power
 And made the growling Herd, all tremble at his Roar.

The Paralell is plain, and clear the *Cafe*,
 Nor must the *Muse* cease here her noble Chace,
 This hunt of Fame, fix'd in the Royal Race.
 The *Prince* is next, and by Eternal doom,
 Fated for Greatnes in the Years to come,
 Whose florent Spring, now bears delightful Bloom
 Upon that glorious Subject how my Song,
 Could here dilate, but oh ! my trembling Tongue,
 Desponding faulters, when I Thought renew,
 And still a brighter Glory in the *Princess* view ;
 Oh let that gracieous Planet ! whose blest Charms,
 Still new Creates the Subject that she warms :
 Forgive a Reverence, that transports so far,
 To call her *Britain*'s most indulgent Star ;
 Sent from the Pow'r that guards our grand Affairs
 That no more Strifes be for Pretending Heirs :
 Let her be ever blest who doles such Joy,
 And blasts aspiring Hopes that would destroy ;
 Fill'd with Seraphick Love does timely breed,
 And bears a Race of Angels to succeed :
 Thus as some desert Land, whose wild distress,
 Stems wanting Providential Care to bless ;

Where the coy Sun ne'er darts a genial Ray,
But cold bleak Frosts blast each returning Day ;
Prayers of some fav'rite Votaries Shipwreck'd there,
Having with pious ToyL exacted heavenly Care,

{ }

And chang'd rough Seasons to serene and fair.
Great Goddes Nature proves her kindly force,
Turns to prolixick Heat their steril Course ;
Believes all Wants caus'd by Celestial doom,
Gives Fruit and Grain to crown the Years to come,

{ }

And now fresh budds and plants appear, and prince-
(ly Roses bloom.)

beauteous Albion wouldest thou happy be,
Happy thy Natives all, could they agree ;
But baneful Feuds prevent that valued Lot,
And hateful Jarrs about the Lord knows what :

{ }

Light and Religion, the great Cause they feign,
Owne'th tho' that specious Maxim some maintain,
Is Rothere is a fly and subtile Devil called Gain ;

{ }

What oft unstedfast Nature does surprize,
And turns to mischievous the Grave and Wise :
Else we're all guided by calm Reason's Rules,
Tory and Whig were only Terms for Fools.

Oh sacred Union ! could thy Charm command,
To bind Erring stubborn Factions of the Land ;
We need not shrink for fear of Foreign harms,
Value Southern Heats, or Northern Storms :
Arm'd with Amity, Victorious be,
Surely Proud, we're circl'd round with Sea.
And now methinks I see the Dove appear ,
Bring with Argent Plumes, to settle here ;
A verdant Olive branch, he bears t'express,
The Emblem of soft Union, Love and Peace ;
Affain the joyful Natives all with general Joy,

{ }

That for their Country's Aid, their Force employ ,
Resolve to banish Discord, with a *Vive le Roy.*

The Singers Defence ; A P O E M

*The Author answers his Friend, who blames him
for not Singing when desir'd: He contradicts the
Third Satyr of HORACE, beginning with Om-
nibus hoc vitium est Cantoribus, &c. He de-
fends TIGELLIUS, and proves that HORACE has
no actual Skill in Vocal MUSICK.*

If this strange Vice in all good Singers were,
As the admir'd Horace does declare ;
That if, when ask'd * tho' blest with Health and Ease,
Their choicest Friends, they still deny to Please :
And yet unask'd, will rudely Sing so long,
To tire each Friend, with each repeated Song :
I strongly then, should take his Satyr's part,
Lash the Performers, and despise their Art ;
But having studied long enough to be
A small Proficient in that Faculty :
I found, when I that rigid Version met,
'Twas more from Prejudice, than Judgment writ ;
And Horace was in his Reproof more free,
Because Tigellius was his Enemy :
Whose frequent Vices caus'd that fierce Assault,
And all the rest are lash'd for one Man's fault ;
Satyr should never take from Malice Aid,
For, with due Reverence to Horace paid,
Who rails at Faults, through Pers'nal Prejudice,
Shews more his own, than shame another's Vice :
Tigellius as his Character is plain,
Was of a Humour most absurd and vain,
Fantastick in his Garb, unsettled in his Brain :
And if (as once great Cæsar he deny'd)
When ask'd to Sing, 'twere the effect of Pride ;

* Horace's own Words.

*M*ilitars and *Fasces* should have bluntly taught
 The Fool to know th' Obedience, that he ought :
 But if *Augustas*, his Commands did lay,
 When the Genius was not able to Obey ;
 As oft with Singers it will happen so,
 According as their Joys or Troubles grow ;
 'Twas no Offence then to excuse his Arr,
 The Soul untun'd, makes Discord in each part :
 And Monarchs can no more give Vocal Breath,
 Than they can hinder when Fate Summons Death.

A Pleasure lov'd by one, is lik'd by more,
 Suppose Sir, I have Sung too much before ;
 Made my self Hoarse, and even rack'd my Throat,
 To please some Friend, with some fine Treble Note :
 Chance does me then to you and others bring,
 The second Compliment is—Pray Sir, Sing;
 I swear I can't, then Angry you retort,
 All you good Singers are so hard to court :
 To make Excuse, then modestly I tell
 How hoarse I am, with what that Day befel ;
 Yet all's in vain, you rail, I'm thought a Clown,
 And (*Omnibus hoc vitium*) knocks me down :

I often have, (I own) to Sing deny'd,
 But not through resty Peevishnes, nor Pride ;
 But that perhaps I had been tir'd before,
 Weary, or Ill, unable to Sing more :
 Or that some Hour of Infelicity,
 Had robb'd my Soul of usual Harmony ;
 Yet all's the same, th' old Saw is still repeated,
 You Singers, long to be so much Intreated :
 Tho' at that time, to me no Joy could fall
 Greater, than not to have been ask'd at all ;

Th' Harmonious Soul, must have it's humour free,
 Consent of parts still crowns the Harmony :
 We read the *Jewish Captives* could not Sing,
 In a strange Land rul'd by a Foreign King ;
 Contentment, the melodious Chord controuls,
 And Tunes the *Diapazon* of our Souls :
 What makes a Cobler chirp a pleasant Part,
 At his hard Labour, but a merry Heart ;

He Sings when ask'd, or bluntly else denys,
 According to his share of Grief or Joys ;
 Thus the same Accidents to us befall,
 And that which Tun'd the Cobler, tunes us all :
 But if against our Will, we thrash out Songs,
 For Singing then, is thrashing to the Lungs,
 The blast of Airy Praise we dearer get,
 Than Peasants do their Bread with toyl and sweat :
 To Sleep at your command, is the same thing,
 As when being Tir'd, or vex'd in Mind, to Sing :
 And tho' Performance, ne'er so easie shew,
 As it has Charms, it has Vexations too,
 And the Singer's plague, 'tis none but Singers know.
 How often have I heard th' unskilful say,
 Had I a Voice, by Heaven I'd Sing all Day ;
 But with that Genius, had he been Endow'd,
 And were to Sing when ask'd, or be thought Proud:
 When weary, vex'd, or Ill, not to deny,
 But at all Seasons, with all Friends comply,
 He'd then blame Horace, full as much as I :
 Whose want of Knowledge in the Vocal Art,
 Made him lash all, for one Man's mean desert ;
 For had he the Fatigue of Singers known,
 And judg'd their Inconvenience by his own ;
Tigellius only had Correction met,
 And *Omnibus hoc vitium ne'er bee writ.*



VERSES

*Made in Honour of, and most bumbly address'd to
her Grace the DUTCHESS of SOMERSET,
as a grateful Acknowledgment of the Favour
she did me to Her Majesty.*

AS when some mighty Monarch born to sway,
Ready to fix his Coronation Day ;
Renown'd by Fame a Diamond has got,
Through distant Climes with Care and hazard brought :
Whilst skilful Artists all with Wonder gaze,
Sets it in his Imperial Crown to blaze ;
Which on the Day of Pomp he means to wear,
The Greatest, Noblest, and the Brightest there :
So Madam, shining in your Lofty place,
Replete with dazzling Vertues is your Grace ;
So gaind our Sovereign *ANN*, the Jewel rare,
Which having purchas'd, she resolv'd to wear :
And in her Heart, as t'other in the Crown,
Inclose a Temper found so like her own ;
Grooms of the Stole, my Eyes have seen before,
But blind with Wealth, or else disguis'd with Pow'r :
Whose Opticks rais'd, nought but the Stars could see ;
Too far aspiring to look down on me ;
But you, whose Clemency still clears your sight,
Could know your Suppliant, even in shades of Night :
And in few Hours a noble Action do,
That might whole Years have tir'd me to pursue ;
Sacred Humility the Learn'd confess,
Peyond all Jems in a great Lay's Dress :
small Merit Self-opinion still does guide,
The truly Great, are ever free from Pride ;
This last your Grace's Character is known,
Long may you Live then to exalt Renown :
from loud Applause, to reap your Yearly due,
You, in the Gracious Sovereign blest, the Sovereign
(blest in you.

STRATFIELDSEA;

Or the CANAAN of HAMPSHIRE, a POEM: Humbly address'd to the highly Honour'd and worth' GEORGE PITTE, Esq; and his good LADY.

AS when repentant *Israel* once distrest,
Reliev'd by a peculiar Grace from Heaven,
Was far beyond the Neighb'ring Nations blest,
When *Canaan* was the happy Portion given.

Who through long tedious Years of toyl and care,
Tho' toyl th' effect of erring Duty was ;
At last, by Providence, was brought to share
The darling Pleasures of that Blessed place.

The gay enamell'd Fields were gladly seen,
Where plenteous Crops in fruitful Acres grow ;
And lofty Trees were flourishing and Green,
Where Fruit abounds, and chrystral Rivers flow.

So when the Genius of the British Land,
First in our *Hampshire* Interest did appear ;
It seem'd as Magisterial to Command,
That *Stratfieldsea* should be the *Canaan* here.

On you, most worthy Sir, the Lot was thrown,
A Guerdon for the Vertuous and the brave ;
And in Felicity still equal known,
With that blest Land that Milk and Honey gave.

Delicious Seat that treats the wond'ring Eye,
With all that Nature for Delight can give ;
And when Art therefore would new Methods try,
Not Worthy, seems nor willing to receive.

The Park, that fam'd *Elizium* imitates,
With spacious Arms expanding to your view ;
As Heir to th' old brisk Fancy here creates,
The beautiful resemblance of a New. Here

Here happy herds of Dear we feasting see,
That pass in joyful Peace succeeding Days ;
Emblems of Innocence and Amity,
All inwardly their great Creator praise.

Their Benefactor too that comes to view,
They seem to bless with large uplifted Eyes ;
No turns of State, or War, their fears renew,
Nor sting of Conscience sprung from mortal Vice.

But well contented with what each enjoys,
They waste the Year in that delightful place ;
And now let the Viator turn his Eyes,
And varying Pleasure, on the Garden gaze.

Here Nature's *Cornucopia* open shews,
Replete with Flowers and Fruits, for use of Man,
Here too a chrystral River sweetly flows,
Just so through Paradise *Euphrates* ran.

The wanton Fish their choice Delights pursue,
Themselves affording what all Sports excel ;
From the cleer Stream uprav'd the Dome they view,
Where second *Jacob* and *Rebecca* dwell.

Forgive me, Madam, if my grateful Soul,
In worth applauding Rhimes, is here exprest ;
Or tell my honour'd Patron 'mongst the whole
Of his excelling Comforts, you are best.

Your Soul, where Virtue and Discretion joyn,
Appearing still in both serenely great,
Thus makes in him the Joys of Life divine,
And gives Perfection to the Wedlock state.

The beauteous Offspring too, that grace your Board,
Like charming *Cupids* in a painted Heaven ;
Amongst the rest Addition large affords,
To all the Blessings plentifully giv'en.

Oh Happiness! too great for Verse to shew,
 And only in the joyful Parents breast ;
 Whose innate Comforts do from Nature flow,
 And from no artful Pen can be express.

Live then 'till Time grow old, as well as you ;
 Whilst choice of Happiness each Year renewes ;
 And whilst I Sing in tuneful Verse your due,
 Accept my Duty, and forgive my Muse.

A PROLOGUE,

*For the first Part of DON QUIXOTE : Spoken by
Mr. BETTERTON.*

I N hopes the Coming Scenes your Mirth will raise,
 To you, the Just Pretenders to the Bays,
 The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays ;
 And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains,
 Of Labour'd Sence, or of Improving Brains :
 That feel the Lashes in a well-writ Play,
 He bids perk up and smile, the Satyr sleeps to Day.
 Our *Sancho* bears no Rods to make ye smart,
 Proverbs, and merry Jokes, are all his Part.
 The Modish Spark may Paint, and lie in Paste,
 Wear a huge Steinkirk twisted to his Wast,
 And not see here, how Foppish he is Dress'd.
 The Country Captain, that to Town does come,
 From his Militia Troop, and Spouse at home,
 To beat a *London Doxy's* Kettle-Drum :
 One, who not only th' whole Pit can prove,
 That she for Brass Half-crown has barter'd Love,
 But the Eighteen-penny Whore-masters above :
 With his Broad Gold may treat his Pliant Dear,
 Without being shown a Bubbled Coxcomb here.

Grave

Grave Dons of Bus'ness may be Bulker's Cullies,
 And Crop-ear'd Prentices set up for Bullies,
 And not one Horse-whip Lash here, flog their Follies;
 Nay, our hot Blades, whose Honour was so small,
 They'd not bear Arms, because not Col'nels all:
 That wish the French may have a mighty Slaughter,
 But wish it safely—On this side o' th' Water.
 Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd,
 To beg Commissions in the Standing-Guard;
 Even these, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
 Will 'scape us now, tho' 'tis a cursed Vice.
 Our Author has a famous Story chose,
 Whose Comick Theme no Person does expose,
 But the Knights-Errant; and pray where are those?
 There was an Age, when Knights with Launce and
 Would Right a Lady's Honour in the Field: (Shield,
 To punish Ravishers, to Death would run,
 But those Romantick Days — Alas, are gone,
 Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
 Who finding a young Virgin, by Disaster,
 Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faster.
 Yet these must 'scape too, so indeed must all,
 Court-Cuckold-makers now no Jest does maul,
 Nor the horn'd Herd within yon City Wall.
 The Orange-Miss, that here Cajoles the Duke,
 May sell her Rotten Ware without rebuke.
 The young Coquet, whose Cheats few Fools can dive
 (at,
 May Trade, and th' Old Tope Kniperkin in private;
 The Atheist too, on Laws Divine may Trample,
 And the Plump Jolly Priest get Drunk, for Church-
 (Example.



An E P I L O G U E

To the first Part of DON QUIXOTE. By SANCHON
Riding upon his Ass.

MONGST our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profest,
There's an old Proverb, That two Heads are better
Dapple and, I have therefore jogg'd this way,
Through sheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
Tho' I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew)
May have Relations here for ought I know,
For in a Crowd, where various Heads are addle,
May many an Ass be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him, that I this Speech intend;
Because I know he is the Poet's Friend;
And, as 'tis said, a parlous Ass once spoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;
So if ye are not civil, 'dsbud, I fear,
He'll speak again — — —
And tell the Ladies every Dapple here.
Take good Advice then, and with kindness win him;
Tho' he looks simply, you don't know what's in him;
He has shrewd Parts, and proper for his Place,
And yet no Plotter, you may see by's Face;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever Brays against the Government.
Then for his Garb he's like the Spanish Nation;
Still the old Mode, he never changes Fashion;
His sober Carriage too you've seen to Day;
But for's Religion, troth, I canhot say
Whether for Mason, Burgis, Muggleton,
The House with Steeple, or the House with none:
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church no more than you.
Some that would, by his Looks, guess his Opinion,
Say, he's a Papish; others, a Socinian,
But I believe him, if the Truth were known,
As th' rest of the Town-Asses are, of none;

But for some other Gifts : Mind what I say,
 Never compare, each *Dapple* has his Day,
 Nor anger him, but kindly use this Play :
 For should you with him, conceal'd Parts disclose,
 Lord ! how like Ninnies would look all the *Beaus*.

A P R O L O G U E

To the Massacre of PARIS : For Mr. BETTERTON.

BRAVE is that Poet that dares draw his Pen,
 To expose the nauseous Crimes of guilty Men,
 As once did our Immortal Patron, *Ben*.
 And Wise are they that can with Patience bear,
 And just Reflections moderately hear,
 Unmov'd by Passion, as unsway'd by Fear :
 These we present a Tragick piece to Night,
 That has some Years been banish'd from the Light;
 Hush'd and imprison'd close, as in the Tower,
 Half press'd to Death by a dispensing Power :
 Rome's Friend, no doubt, suppos'd there might be
 Just such an Entertainment of their own,
 The Plot, the Protestants, the Stage, the Town :
 But no such Fear our *Hugenots* alarm'd,
 True English Hearts are always better Arm'd;
 For if the Valiant in a little Town,
 Batter'd and starving their brave Cause, durst own,
 And now to take a Tryal for it's fact,
 Is just come out by th' *Habeas Corpus* Act.
 If Peasants scorning Death can guard their Walls,
 And the mild Priesthood, turn to Generals ;
 Britains look up, and this blest Country see,
 In spite of byass'd Law serene and free,
 Cleer'd from it's choaking Fogga of Popery.
 No Massacres or Rovolutions fear,
 Affairs are strangely alter'd in one Year :

Lord

Lord what a Hurry was there here one Night,
 The *Irish* come; they Burn, they're now in sight ;
 A city Taylor swore, with Fear grown Wild,
 He saw a huge Tall *Teague* devour a Child ;
 We have no *Nuncio* in our Councils now,
 Nor pamper'd *Jesuites* with our Heifers Plough :
 Infallibility himself does run,
 The Garden's Weeded, and the Moles are gone ;
 The barbarous *French* too that *Ihuatus* quotes,
 Of old so diligent in cutting Throats :
 Which as Example to Posterity,
 To Night you'll here this dreadful Mirrour see,
 Must be remember'd in their Progeny :
 A spurious Race now on our Seas are steering,
 And beat us by the way of Buccaneering ;
 Not Gold to Lawyers, to th' Ambitious Power,
 Not lusty *Switzer* to a lustful Whore :
 To Gamesters Luck, to Beauty length of Days,
 Nor to a wrinckled wither'd Widow Praise ;
 Could give such Joy as to our Country-men,
 To see great *Orange* seize his own again :
 This glorious Chace, no doubt, you'll all pursue,
 Mean while our Author begs a Favour too ;
 You that his Merit and Distress have known,
 To guard him from the Criticks of the Town :
 That this will be the *Poet's* Prophecy,
 The *Poets* all were Voters formerly ;
 To incourage then give ours to Night his due,
 His Tale is somewhat Bloody, but 'tis true,
 A moral Truth shwon to an honest End,
 And can the Good or Wise of neither Sect offend :
 Fancy and Stile far as the rest excel,
 In our deliverance Year let no Tongue tell,
Poets the only Curst, on whom no *Manna* fell.
 Plead therefore that they may by *Cesar's* influence
 (breath,
 And mix a Lawrel with his Oaken Wreath ;
 So shall his Glory flourish to the height,
 Then every Pen in leaves of Brass shall write :
 This, this was he, that blest by sacred Power,
 To England its Religion did Restore,
 So firm, that *Rome* could never hurt it more.

An E P I L O G U E,

For CRAB and GILLIAN: In one of my Comedies.

Crab. COMe Spouse, to talk in Mode now like the
(Great,

We'll pack up Stuff, and home to our Estate:

But First, before we come to Taunton Steeple,

Prithée let's have one word, with these good People;

Thou know'st we've promis'd to befriend the Play,

Gill. Well, what of that, what would you have me say?

Crab. Why? set thy Face, and thy best Curchy make,

And then desire the Wits here for thy sake,

To spare the Poet, that his Whim may take.

Gill. Who I, Lord, Lord, d'ye think they'll do't for me,

No, no, dan't think zo Man,

Crab. Why not for thee? thou art a Woman;

Thou'rt of a Kind, that ne'er can fail to Please,

Gill. No zure, I am not vine enough for these:

My Vace is Tann'd, and I've no White nor Red,

Nor e'er a ruffled Cap upon my Head;

I'm a loyn of Mutton plainly dress'd,

And these nice volk, love all their Mutton lac'd.

Besides yon Gentlewomen * that sit by,

That gave their twanking Cuffs on too, to vly,

Can do the Business better much than I.

Let them speak first,

Crab. Odrabit it, they Pay,

And are all Benefactors to the Play:

So, we must do't, come, here's my Cap off taken,

Gill. My Curchy then as well as che can make one;

Crab. Be pleas'd good Sirs to praise what makes ye

(laugh?)

Gill. And chear the Poet with a Smile and half.

Crab. Crab then at Home with Stout shall make ye merry,

Gill. And Gillian bid ye welcome to her Dairy;

Crab. I'll grubble all my Jokes up to Delight ye,

Gill. And I'll divert ye with my Hoyty topty;

Vish Fortune's choicest Blessings may regale ye,

And Wealth, and Wine, and Women, never fail ye.

* Pointing to some at the Play.

A PROLOGUE.

To my Play, the French COQUET.

AS in Intrigues of Love we find it true,
 Stale Faces pall, whilst we are charm'd with new;
 Our Poet thinking tho' some in Wit prevails,
 Fearing to tire ye with more English Tales,
 Has laid his Scene in the French Court Versailles:
 Thus chang'd your Diet for Variety,
 From Cheese and Butter of our dull degreee,
 To fragrant Angelote, and cher fromage de Brit:
 He doubts not, many that sit here to Day,
 That have observ'd the Title to his Play,
 Suppose it for some Politick Essay.
 'Gainst that he says a Proverb gives him Rules,
 'Tis never safe to meddle with edg'd Tools;
 For Railery, a Comick Theam is best,
 War's but a Dull occasion for a Jest:
 And as in Cudgel Play, there comes no Joke,
 From either Party when both Heads are broke;
 But then perhaps it may expected be,
 That he should fall upon French Foppery;
 'Tis true, they have Fools, egad, and so have we.
 In Apish Modes they naturally shine,
 Which we Ape after them to make us fine,
 The late Blue Feather was charmant divine;
 Next then the slouching Sledo, and our huge Button
 And now our Coats, flanck broad, like Shoulder Mutton
 Fac'd with fine Colours, Scarlet, Green and Sky,
 With Sleeves so large, they'll give us Wings to Fly;
 Next Year I hope they'll cover Nails and all,
 And every Button like a Tennis-Ball:
 Nor on their Industry can he here reflect,
 Cause, to our own there must be some respect,
 Our Ills come by Misfortune, not Neglect;
 And that they outwit us, we will ne'er agree,
 Tho' they have damn'd Luck with our Ships at Sea:

How

How shall the Satyr then his Venom shed,
Their Heads are full of Air, and ours are full of Lead ;
Their hot Brains make 'em swear in *Els*'s somes,
We in dull *Gamut* roar out Blood and Worms :
They to grow cool, from Herbs still seek Relief,
We to grow Hot, deboash our selves in Beef ;
And for the Bone, when we to Battle run,
Priests of both kinds ne'er fail to His us on :
To Trim the Matter, and use a Mean,
Our cautious Author in each coming Scene,
Resolv'd to baulk both Sides. has us'd to Day,
No Plot, but Love Intrigues quite through his Play,
Yet that 'tis Good, I dare be bold to say :
The *Jacks* are fierce, and *Williamites* are flesh'd,
The *Poets* not so bold, but may be dash'd,
Wit has no Armour proof, 'gainst being thrash'd;
Therefore in Terror of the Warriours Trade,
Suspends all Satyr 'till the Peace be made.

An EPILOGUE.

A MONGST all Characters nearest Divine,
You that are Witty-men, should cry up mine ;
And of all Bargains that are daily driven,
Ours is the most ingaging under Heaven :
Whose Souls in a Seraphick station move,
As all must do who Marry. Love for Love.
Sir Sampson here, a strange Old sordid Set,
Meaning by Candle Inch to buy my Lot,
Would settle on me, Oh ! the Lord knows what ;
He for a Purchase the old way takes Care,
And like a Higler in a Country Fair,
Bawls out aloud, take Money for your Mare :
Or Brother like Stockjobbing cheat would make,
My Friend so much you give, so much you take ;

But

But *Valentine*, whose Person, Wit and Art,
 Pleads fairer Title to a tender Heart ;
 With an endearing Claim, fine Words address,
 A Graceful Person, and a taking Face :
 A solid Judgment that can stand the test,
 Trick humour gay — I fancy'd all the rest ;
 Compell'd my Love — The Passion strong did grow,
 Whither all this, a Womans Heart should bow,
 Your Pardon Ladies, I am sure you know : }
 Besides by Subtilty I Tryal made,
 Found out his Haunts, and Snares each way I laid ;
 Mark'd, tho' the frolick Widows — City Dames,
 Inmates of *Leicester-field, Pall-mall, St. James* :
 The Tall, the Short, the Freckl'd — Fair and Brown,
 The straight-lac'd Maiden, and the Miss o'th' Town ;
 We're sure to work on in Adversity,
 Yet still what Stock he had was kept for me :
 And for such Love, if we should Love alow,
 Your Pardon Ladies, I am sure you know ;
 I took Compassion on the Bankrupt Debtor,
 He had no Money, But had something better :
 Faith like a generous Girl, I paid his worth,
 For I had Honour in me from my Birth ;
 I paid him well — A Wife that's Fair and Young,
 Discreet and Kind, and Forty Thousand strong :
 Is no bad Consolation sure — In Life,
 How would some snigger here, for such a Wife ;
 Then if this part I Play be rare or no ?
 Your Pardon Gentlemen — You likewise know :
 The Author of the Scenes appear to Day,
 Draws every Figure justly through his Play ;
 Mind, Sence and generous Humour, seems to hit,
 Let Beauty grant him then superior Wit,
 Since by the Boxes it was chose and Writ. }



VERSES Congratulatory

To the Honourable William BROMLEY, Esq;

AS when *Hiperion* with Victorious Light,
Expels invading Powers of gloomy Night ;
And vernal Nature youthful dreit and gay,
Salutes the Conqueror that forms the Day :
The mounting Lark exalts her joyful Note,
And strains with Harmony her warbling Throat ;
So now my *Muse* that hopes to see the Day,
When cloudy Faction that does *Britain* sway,
Shall be o'ercome by Reasons peircing Ray :
Applauding Senates for their prudent choice,
The Will of Heaven, by the Peoples Voice ;
First greets ye Sir, then gladly does prepare,
In tuneful Verse, your welcome to the Chair.

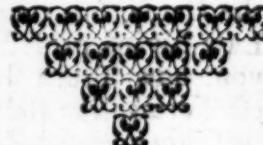
Awful th' Assembly is, August the Queen,
In whose each Day of Life, are Wonders seen ;
The Nation too, this greatest of all Years,
Who watch to see blest turns in their Affairs :
Slighting the *Hydra* on the *Gallick* shore,
Hope from the Senate much, but from you more ;
Whose happy Temper Judgment cultivates,
And forms so fit to Aid our three Estates.

The change of Ministry late order'd here,
Was fated sure for this Auspicious Year ;
That you Predestin'd at a glorious Hour,
To be chief Judge of Legilislative Power :
Might by your Skill that Royal right asserts,
Like Heaven reconcile the Jarring parts ;
Nor shines your Influence Sir, here alone,
The Church must your unequal'd Prudence own,
Firm to support the Cause, but rough to none :
Eusebia's Sons in Law divine profest,
May learn from you, how Truth should be exprest ;
Whither in Modest Terms, like Balm, to heal,
Or raving Notions falsely counted Zeal.

Oh

Oh sacred Gift in vulgar matters great,
 But in Religious Tracts divinely sweet;
 Which ancient *Bagington* can witness well,
 And the rich Library before it fell:
 Your Rural Hours amongst wise Authors past,
 Your Soul with their unvalued Wealth possest;
 And well may he to heights of Knowledge come,
 Who learning *Pantheon*, always kept at home:
 Thus once Sir you were blest, and sure the Fiend,
 That first Intail'd a Curse on humankind;
 A second Time a dire unequall'd Cross,
 Design'd the Publick, by your private loss:
 Oh who had seen that love to Learning bore,
 The Matchless Authors of the Days of Yore,
 The Fathers, Prelates, Poets, Books where Arts
 Renown'd, Explain'd the Men of rarest Parts:
 Shrink'd up their shrivell'd Bindings, scorch their Names,
 And yield Immortal worth to Temporary Flames:
 That would not Sigh to see the Ruins there,
 Or wish to quench them with a falling Tear:

But as in Story where we Wonders view,
 As there were Flames, there was a Phænix too;
 An Excellence from the burnt Pile did rise,
 That still attor'd for past Calamities:
 So my Prophetick Genius — In its height,
 Viewing your Merit, Sir, foretels your Fate;
 Your valiant Ancestor that bravely fought,
 And from the Foe, the Royal Standard got,
 Which nobly now Adorns, your housshould Coat:
 Denotes the Ancient Grandeur of you Race,
 As present Worth, fits you for present Grace
 The Sovereign must Esteem, what all admire,
 Bromley shall rise, and *Baginton* aspire.
 Fate oft contrives Magnificence by Fire.



To his Grace the Duke of Bedford.

VERSES Congratulatory, on the Birth of his
Son the Marquis of TAVISTOKE.

In sweet Retirement, freed from anxious Care,
From Court Delusions and the noisy War ;
From business that disturb the tranquil State,
And palls the best Contentinent of the Great :
From Town Disorders, and infectious Wine,
From Libertines who live by base Design ;
Wisely your Grace, and worthy of best Praise,
Has chose to Consecrate your happy Days :
Oh lucky change, a Blessing only due,
By Heavens peculiar bounty, to a Few.

Here in Ambrosial Bowers you entertain,
With varied Joys, the Body, and the Brain ;
Sweet Contemplation gains the foremost place
Whilst Books Instructively do Science raise :
Sports too, for Relaxation of the Mind,
The Seasons fit, are proper in their kind ;
Nor is the Blessing only on your part,
But shar'd by her, that wholly shares your Heart :
Your vertuous Consort of Elizium Dreams,
Here, Pregnant with Conubial love, she Teems ;
And, that Concording Comfort may not fail,
T'Enlarge your noble Race, brings forth a Male :
Thus has Eternal Providence decreed,
To grant the only Blessing you could need.

Take it my Lord, as 'tis divinely meant,
A Gift peculiar from Heaven sent ;
A Sanctio[n] to promote your Happiness,
And crown your Solitude with lasting Bliss :
To please a Parent, Plants may kindly shoot,
But Children are the Quintessential Fruit ;
The charming Prattle, and the Tales they tell,
By Nature taught, all Musick far excel.

May then, th' Illustrious Babe with speedy growth.
Stretch out his Infancy, and hast to Youth ;

From

From Youth to Manhood, may his Years improve,
 Blest with a Father's Joy, a Mother's Love,
 And sacred Gifts descending from above.
 Th' Eternal in your Favour does bestow,
 A Comfort glittering Courts, but seldom know ;
 A quiet Life, from proud Ambition free,
 An Heir too, to support your Family :
 Sent to Exalt, and make your Pleasures great,
 In the calm *Holcyon* Days of your retreat.
 So in the *Roman* State, when Civil War,
 Harras'd the Natives, by Internine Jarr ;
 When rage in Triumph rode through every Street,
 And he whose Arm was strongest, had most Wit :
 The noble * *Atticus* in rural Bowers,
 Past with selected Friends, and Books, his Hours ;
 Sometimes his beauteous Spouse too, would impro
 The Day, with Tales of Constancy and Love :
 But yet no Males could bring, 'till *Juno* prone
 To pity, summ'd at last all Joys in one,
 Heard her devoted Prayers,
 And blest her with a Son.

* *Pomponius Atticus.*

